

2008 • VOL. 55, NO. 4

PIONEER

Early Pioneer
Poetry of
**LULA GREENE
RICHARDS,
ORSON F. WHITNEY,
ELIZA R. SNOW,**
and More

Published by
the Sons of
Utah Pioneers

*Pioneering
yesterday, today,
and tomorrow.*

PIONEER

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COVER ART: Portrait of Louisa Lula Greene Richards, first editor of the *Woman's Exponent* (see page 24). Painting by her son, Utah artist Lee Greene Richards. ©Courtesy Brigham Young University Museum of Art.



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Pioneering yesterday, today, and tomorrow

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MISSION STATEMENT
The mission of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers is to preserve the memory and heritage of the early pioneers of the Utah Territory. We honor the pioneers for their faith in God, devotion to family, loyalty to church and country, hard work and service to others, courage in adversity, personal integrity, and unyielding determination.

The society also honors present-day pioneers worldwide in many walks of life who exemplify these same qualities of character. It is further intended to teach these same qualities to the youth who will be tomorrow's pioneers.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Booth Maycock

This issue of the *Pioneer* magazine celebrates the poetry of the early pioneers as they expressed their faith and heartaches in tender and touching form. It is a further illustration of the talents of these stalwart settlers of the western frontier. It is also an illustration of our *Pioneer* magazine's effort to provide the reader with a wide perspective of the history of the early pioneers in the Utah Territory. It is their memory and heritage we strive to preserve. We encourage all of you to help guarantee the continued success of this magazine with subscription support. If each member would just give one gift subscription this would happen. The forms are enclosed in this magazine or can be obtained from the National Office.

I would like to congratulate and thank Kent Lott, our publisher, and his staff, Charles Graves, Susan Lofgren, and Linda Hunter Adams, for their continued successful efforts to make this magazine a first-class publication. Kent was so honored at our Convention in Richfield in September.

And, speaking of that Convention, we want to thank the Richfield Chapter and all who attended for making it such a success. It was the largest attendance in recent history. We also congratulate Dil Strasser, who was elected President-elect for 2009 in

a very close contest. Already

we are anticipating next

year's Convention

(Encampment, for purists)

to be hosted by the

Ogden

Pioneer

Chapter.

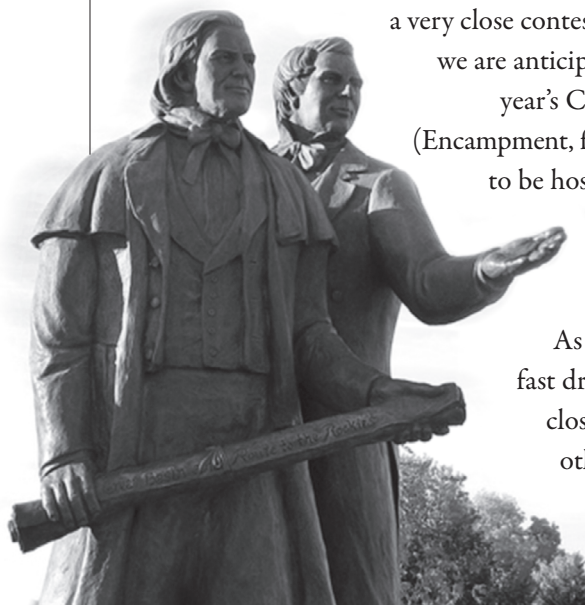
As the year is

fast drawing to a

close, we note

other special

events of



2008. It was our 75th Anniversary and so a Diamond Jubilee Fund was established to provide \$75,000 for much-needed renovations of our National Office and the placement of the statue "Eyes Westward" in This Is the Place Heritage Park. The latter was accomplished in July with Elder M. Russell Ballard dedicating it. Elder Ballard referred to it in his October general conference address. It stands as a memorial to the prophets Joseph Smith and Brigham Young as well as all of our members and friends who contributed to it. Most of the building renovations have been completed and, with the anticipated final donations, we consider this a most successful Anniversary celebration.

Soon my presidency will be concluded and I want to thank all of you for providing me the privilege of serving this wonderful organization. It has been an experience that I will treasure my remaining days. I challenge each of you to join with me in dedicating ourselves to steadfastly promoting this great organization and its goals. We can do this first by taking an active part in whatever activity presents itself and, secondly, by promoting membership. Remember, age makes no difference either way.

—Booth Maycock



CORRECTION: In our past issue of *Pioneer* magazine, 2008, Vol. 55, #3, on page 1, we listed the wrong upcoming issue—it should have mentioned the theme of early pioneer literature and poetry, which you are about to enjoy!

Our next issue will feature the everyday life of the pioneers—living situations, work, recreation, courting customs, family life, and more. Invite friends to **SUBSCRIBE NOW**, or give gift subscriptions so others can enjoy our next informative and interesting issue!



**“A GREAT WORK
OF MORMON
LITERATURE** *will be like
all great works of literature; it will
be one that makes me wrestle with
my beliefs and which stimulates me
by the example of the author’s own
effort to re-create my own life on
surer grounds of belief.”*

—Karl Keller, 1969

Almost from its inception, the philosophy of Mormonism has encouraged an enjoyment of good literature. In July 1830 the Prophet Joseph Smith announced a revelation to his wife Emma, in which the Lord commanded her to make a selection of sacred hymns, saying, “the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me . . .” (D&C 25:11, 12). Since the meaning of the word “song” included poetry adaptable to music, this revelation served as an encouragement for the writing and appreciation of poetry. In December 1832 another revelation urged the Saints to seek knowledge of all things pertaining to heaven and earth and to seek wisdom out of the best books available (D&C 88:78–79, 118). Ten years later the Prophet Joseph Smith expressed this sentiment in the more familiar article of faith, “If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.”

Manifestations of the creativity implicit in Latter-day Saint philosophy have been as diverse as the eloquent letters of Joseph Smith from Liberty Jail celebrating the majesty of God; the plaintive diary entries of Mary Goble Pay which evoke an awareness of the courage, determination, and the pathos of the handcart pioneers; the salty anecdotes of J. Golden Kimball; [and] the elegant artistry by which Orson Pratt captures the essential elements in the Plan of Salvation. . . .

All of this suggests that in our striving for spiritual alignment with God it is important that we cultivate our minds and feelings by involvement in literature and the arts. That this has been understood by loyal Latter-day Saints is evidenced by both their writings and their actions. . . .¹ ▣

—Leonard J. Arrington

CHURCH HISTORIAN FROM 1972–1982 AND AUTHOR

1 Qtd. in Richard H. Cracroft and Neal E. Lambert, *A Believing People: Literature of the Latter-day Saints* (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1974), forward.

Mormon Literature:

PROGRESS & PROSPECTS

by Eugene England

FORMER BYU PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

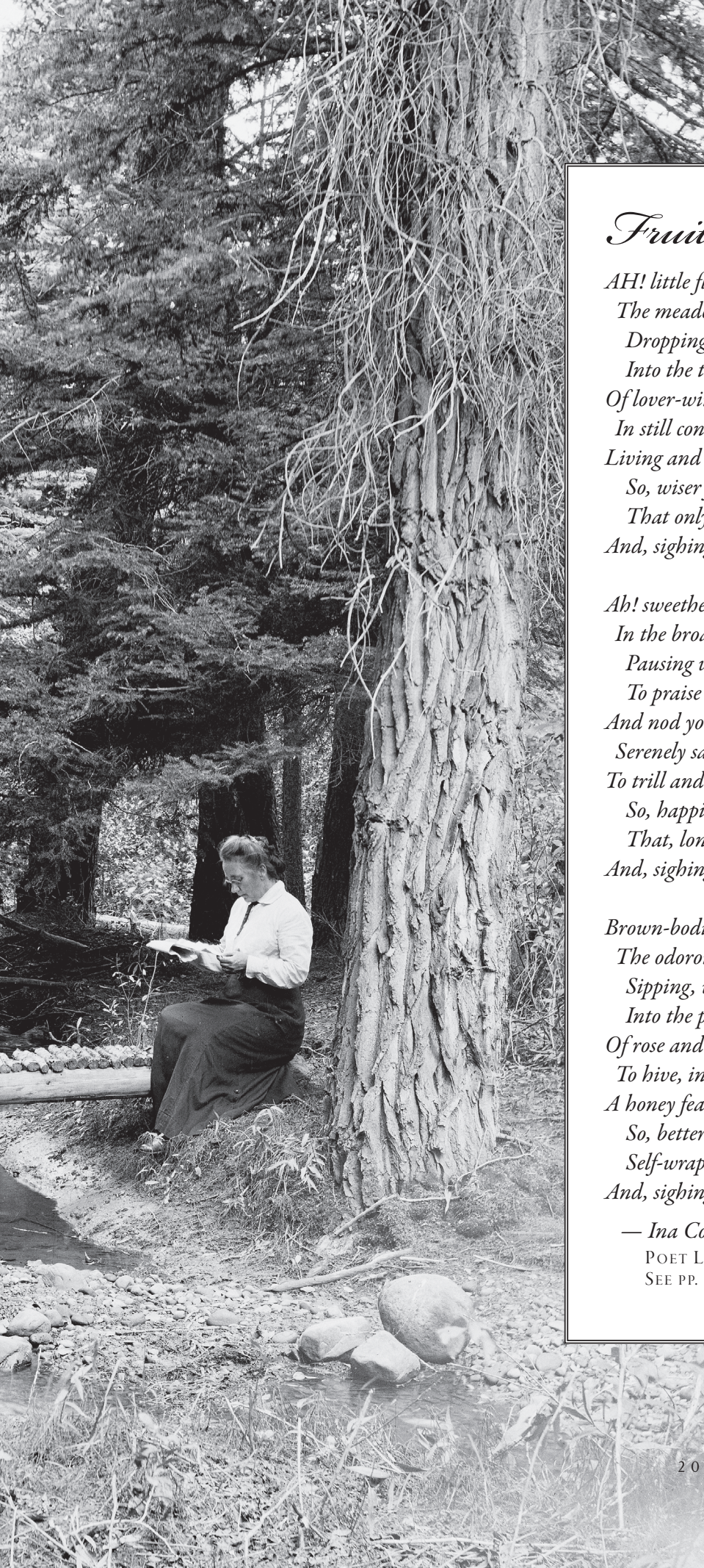
Mormon literature [includes]: (1) an initial outpouring in the first fifty years, 1830–80, of largely unsophisticated writing, expressive of the new converts' dramatic symbolic as well as literal journeys to Zion and their fierce rejection of Babylon, and often intended to meet the immediate and practical needs of the Church for hymns, sermons, and tracts; [and] (2) the creation, in the next fifty years, 1880–1930, of a “home literature” in Utah, highly didactic fiction and poetry designed to defend and improve the Saints but of little lasting worth—and also the refining of Mormon theological and historical writing into excellent and lasting forms. . . .

It seems very important, when discussing Mormon literature, to remember that Mormonism begins with a book. The Book of Mormon has been vilified and laughed at by other Christians and ignored by literary scholars and critics. . . . Most of these people do not think of it as literature, but it has the verbal and narrative power, linguistic and historical complexity, ethical and philosophical weight, and mythic structure of a great epic.

It was a non-Mormon, Douglas Wilson, who . . . years ago pointed out the scandal of the neglect of the Book of Mormon by the American literary establishment, and that neglect still continues, even in our post-modern age of canon expansion and theoretical attempts to value all writing. But Mormon scholars have made important strides both in explicating the historical and cultural substance of this rich work and in applying various forms of literary analysis to the text itself. . . .

Joseph Smith was involved, as author or translator, in much besides the Book of Mormon, and much of that other work is also of high literary merit. Sections of the





Fruitionless

*AH! little flower, upspringing, azure-eyed,
The meadow-brook beside,
Dropping delicious balms
Into the tender palms
Of lover-winds, that woo with light caress,
In still contentedness,
Living and blooming thy brief summer-day:—
So, wiser far than I,
That only dream and sigh,
And, sighing, dream my listless life away.*

*Ah! sweetheart birds, a-building your wee house
In the broad-leaved boughs,
Pausing with merry trill
To praise each other's skill,
And nod your pretty heads with pretty pride;
Serenely satisfied
To trill and twitter love's sweet roundelay:—
So, happier than I,
That, lonely, dream and sigh,
And, sighing, dream my lonely life away.*

*Brown-bodied bees, that scent with nostrils fine
The odorous blossom-wine,
Sipping, with heads half thrust
Into the pollen dust
Of rose and hyacinth and daffodil,
To hive, in amber cell,
A honey feasting for the winter-day:—
So, better far than I,
Self-wrapt, that dream and sigh,
And, sighing, dream my useless life away.*

— Ina Coolbrith

POET LAUREATE OF CALIFORNIA.
SEE PP. 36–37.

*Left: "Lovenia, Glendale," photo by George Beard,
© BYU Harold B. Lee Library Special Collections.*

Affectionately Addressed to
Mrs. Zina D. Young (pictured in oval)

*A mother in Israel, in the fullest sense —
All unassuming and without pretence;
A woman, womanly — though firm, yet mild,
And meek, and gentle as a little child;
To tend the sick, how watchful thou hast been,
Diffusing light and peace through every scene,
For God is with thee, and his angels' care,
Endorsing all thy words and granting prayer;
His spirit was the fount from which you drew
Rich aspirations, blessing them and you;
And e'en thy presence brought them sweet relief,
The mind made happy that was bowed with grief.
To pour the "oil and wine" has been thy gift;
The soul bowed down in sorrow, to uplift,
Causing the clouds of darkness to depart,
By the sweet spirit which your words impart.*

*Well hast thou stood life's battle, rear and front,
And like a well trained soldier faced the brunt
With eye unquailing, and with cheek unblanched,
Thy bark upon the sea of life was launched!
And knowing Father's self was at the helm,
Felt sure no sea had strength to overwhelm;
So on you rode, as childhood in repose —
May such continue till this life shall close!
Lady, sister, handmaid of the Lord,
Grand is thy future! Great is thy reward!*

—Hannah Tapfield King (ca. 1901)



Doctrine and Covenants, such as 19, 76, 88, and 121, and his accounts of his first vision have been appreciated as fine literature as well as scripture. His literate and very forthcoming letters and diaries have been definitively edited, as have reports of his sermons. The sermons, recorded from memory or in longhand, are quite fragmentary and unrevealing of his literary power, except for the truly remarkable “King Follett Discourse.” . . .

Early Mormons, like their mainly Puritan forebears, were both anxious about their salvation and moved to record evidence of their joy and success in finding it. . . . They were encouraged by Church practice and frontier American culture to bear witness both publicly and privately about their hardships, feelings, and spiritual experiences and to take interest in their individual selves and sense of creation of those selves—so they produced, at great effort and in amazing detail, diaries and personal reminiscences. Good examples of the journals, showing a wide range of sophistication and experiences, are Wilford Woodruff’s nearly daily record of over sixty years, which provides both a rich source of ecclesiastical and cultural history and also intimate insight into the development of an Apostle and Church President; Eliza R. Snow’s “Trail Diary,” our best source for the horrendous crossing from Nauvoo to Council Bluffs after the martyrdom of Joseph Smith and of the unique spiritual outpourings to the women there during the winter and spring of 1847; George Laub’s down-to-earth record of the momentous events of Nauvoo and the costs of discipleship for ordinary members; Mary Goble Pay’s

*Eternal Science! who would fathom thee
Must launch his bark upon a shoreless sea.
Thy knowledge yet shall overwhelm the earth,
Thy truth to immortality
 give birth,
Thy dawn shall kindle
 to eternal day,
And man, immortal,
 still shall own thy sway.*

—Parley P. Pratt, *Key to Theology*
(Salt Lake City: Deseret News
Steam Printing, 1874), 1.

Left still-life: iStock photo #6340140.

reminiscence of the 1856 handcart tragedy, uniquely moving in its understated purity, which demonstrates how the character of an untrained narrator and powerful events honestly recorded can combine to produce great writing; and the witty, detailed, and poignant diary of Joseph Millett, covering both his 1853 mission as a teenager to Nova Scotia and his later life as a settler in Southern Utah and Nevada.

Such qualities often come through in the letters as well. Like diaries, letters provide the revealing ethical context of spontaneous, unrevised thought and day-by-day decision-making and living with consequences, as well as unequaled directness. Such directness often makes diaries and letters “truer” than the usual histories, which can be falsified by generalization and are valuable, even understandable, only when we see in them what Stephen Vincent Benet called people’s “daily living and dying beneath the sun.”

There were also some significant achievements in traditional literary forms in the first period. Eliza R. Snow was an accomplished versifier before she converted to Mormonism and turned her talent to long, didactic poems about Mormon history, leaders, and beliefs. She also produced some fine short lyrics and a number of hymns. The poems were published in two volumes, 1856 and 1877, and the hymns are still a highly valued part of the Mormon hymnal, especially “O My Father,” which states the unique Mormon doctrine of a Heavenly Mother. One other book of poetry was published during this period, John Lyon’s *The Harp of Zion: A Collection of Poems, Etc.* (Liverpool: S. W. Richards, 1853), and other fine hymns were written by W. W. Phelps and Parley P. Pratt.

The first Mormon fiction, as well as some of the most important and

literate early tracts, was also written by Pratt. His “Dialogue between Joseph Smith and the Devil,” first published in the *New York Herald* in 1844, is, though

KEY TO THEOLOGY
PARLEY P. PRATT

mainly a didactic effort to improve the Mormon image and teach some doctrine to its gentile audience, very witty and imaginative in its setting, argument, and lively dialogue. His *Autobiography*, edited and published in the 1870s, long after his death, and still popular in reprints today, has sections that are carefully shaped, self-conscious personal narratives much like good short stories; and some passages, such as his description of Joseph Smith rebuking the guards in Liberty Jail, rise to great eloquence.

However, though there is evidence that Mormon pioneers read fiction, even during their treks, Church leaders in this first period regularly denounced the reading of novels as a waste of time and worse, the encouragement of “lies,” recommending instead sermons and histories, which dealt in truth. George Q. Cannon blamed novel-reading for many of the evils which prevail in the world, and the best Brigham Young could say is that he “would rather persons read novels than read nothing. Such reservations were understandable in the day of cheap novels flooding Utah after the coming of the railroad—and few great classics yet available. But in the 1880s some Mormon leaders actually began, with both exhortation and example, an important movement to solve the problem by encouraging and creating fiction—and drama, poetry, and essays—that explicitly set out to teach Mormon faith and doctrine.

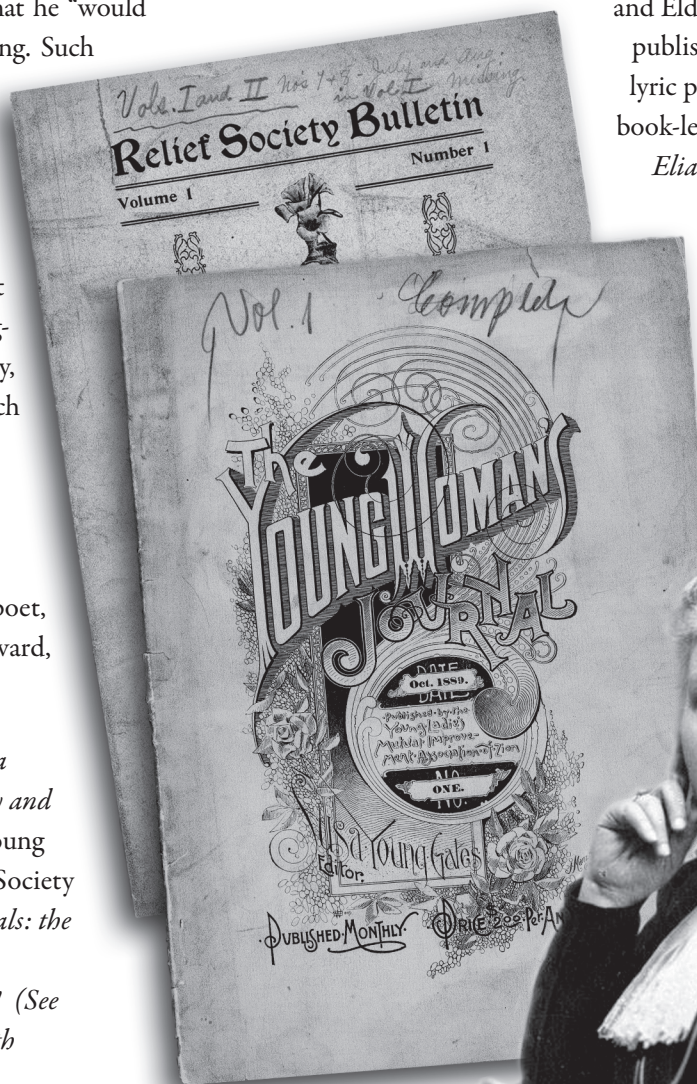
HISTORICAL PERIOD TWO: HOME LITERATURE (1880–1930)

In 1888, Orson F. Whitney, popular poet, essayist, and bishop of a Salt Lake City ward,

Susa Young Gates was a prolific writer and woman of amazing energy and ability. She served 11 years as editor of the *Young Woman's Journal*; edited the 48-page *Relief Society Magazine*; wrote articles for Church periodicals: the *Deseret News*, the *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*; and published 7 books! (See Janet Peterson, “Susa Young Gates: Thirteenth Apostle,” *Pioneer*, Summer 2002, 16–21.)

expressed hope for a fine and virtuous “home literature” and then continued to try to fulfill his own hope. He spoke to the Mormon youth, who, as the first generation raised in the Church, lacked their own direct conversion experience. He saw these youth as declining from the faith of their parents and vulnerable to the Protestant missionaries who were beginning to proselyte in Utah. He was joined by other leaders, such as B. H. Roberts, Emmeline B. Wells, and Susa Young Gates, and the result was a virtual flood of moralistic and faith-promoting stories that became the staple of Church periodicals like the *Juvenile Instructor*, the *Contributor*, the *Woman's Exponent*, the *Utah Magazine*, and the *Young Woman's Journal*. . . .

Poets like Josephine Spencer and Augusta Joyce Crocheron produced didactic and narrative poems, Charles Walker recited his Southern Utah folk poetry, and Elder Whitney published hymns, lyric poetry, and a book-length poem, *Elias, an Epic of*



the Ages (New York: Knickerbocker Press, 1904). Susa Young Gates published a fairly successful novel, and B. H. Roberts wrote a novel that was turned into a play performed on Broadway in New York. But the most able, prolific, and lasting in influence of the early “home literature” writers was Nephi Anderson. His *Added Upon* (1898), though Anderson himself recognized its limitations and revised it twice, well fulfills his own stated criterion in an essay on “Purpose in Fiction: A good story is artistic preaching.” The novel follows a woman and a man and their friends from the premortal existence through mortal life and into the postmortal spirit world, showing how their love is promised before birth and subjected to earthly vicissitudes but resolved in marriage within the restored Church, then depicting their reunion and resurrection after death. Versions of this formula were immensely popular and have endured into the present in musicals. . . .

A number of works of nonfiction written during the period, because of their intellectual and literary excellence as well as their orthodox and faith-promoting power, have continued to be valued and carefully read, such as the didactic biographies of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon and John Henry Evans. B. H. Roberts published stimulating, powerfully imaginative and persuasive theology (for example, *Joseph Smith the Prophet-Teacher* [Salt Lake City: Deseret News Publishing, 1908; reprint, Princeton, N.J.: Deseret Club of Princeton University, 1967]) and history (for example, *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* [Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, 1930]) that dramatically but with amazing scholarly objectivity organized the thought of Joseph Smith and retold the history of the Saints in the Church’s first century. James E. Talmage, an apostle, wrote two books, *The Articles of Faith* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News, 1899) and *Jesus the Christ* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News, 1915), that combine intellectual power with stately, moving personal testimony and have justly achieved almost scriptural status among Latter-day Saints.

The forms and formulas of “home literature” that were developed in this second period continue into the present as the kind published and encouraged by the official Mormon outlets (the *Friend*, *New Era*, and *Ensign*, and Deseret Book). . . . Richard H. Cracroft has led the

way in arguing that the future of Mormon literature depends on writers learning from Nephi Anderson’s “steady progress from artless dogma to gently dogmatic art” to produce a steadily more sophisticated and artful work that is still, in its direct focus on Mormon moral and spiritual values, essentially didactic. But others feel that such primary emphasis on the didactic, on teaching through literature, is paradoxically what keeps Mormon literature from being either excellent artistically or powerful morally and spiritually. . . .

[Most] students of literature have recognized that it inevitably has a problematic, integrated dual purpose and effect—to teach as well as delight—and even that all discourse is fundamentally an attempt to persuade. Most have also understood that the more direct and conscious the effort to teach, the less delightful the literature and less likely it is to succeed in persuading. On the other hand, great writers who seem to begin with no other purpose than telling a good and honest story, or creating interesting and complex characters—or merely powerful images and affecting rhythms and sounds—end up moving us into whole new dimensions of moral understanding and religious experience. In 1969, Karl Keller argued: “A great work of Mormon literature will be like all great works of literature; it will be one that makes me wrestle with my beliefs and which stimulates me by the example of the author’s own effort to re-create my own life on surer grounds of belief.”¹ ▀

Excerpts from Eugene England, “Mormon Literature: Progress and Prospects,” Mormon Americana: A Guide to Sources and Collections in the United States, ed. David J. Whittaker (Provo, Utah: BYU Studies, c1994), 462–68.

1 *Mormon Americana*, 468.

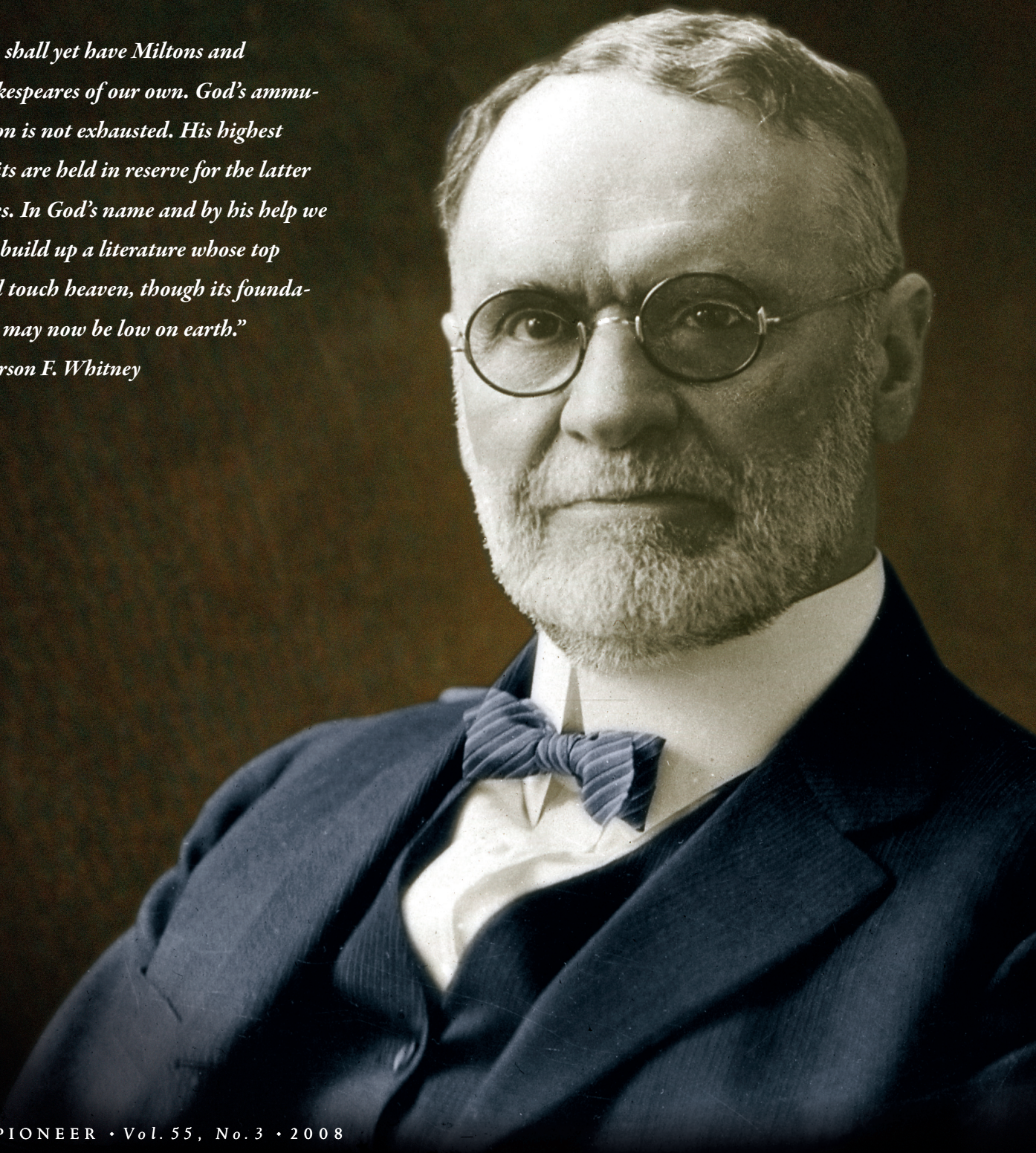
Visuals: early magazines (8), Orson F. Whitney (10), David H. Smith, #PH 1700 (35), photos courtesy LDS Church History Library. Zina D. H. Young #14332 (6), Twelve Apostles #0061 (11), Relief Society Women #13729 (15), John Lyon #12970 (21), Lula Greene Richards (25), and Francis Armstrong #11595 (39), courtesy Utah State Historical Society. Portrait of Eliza R. Snow, by Lewis Ramsey (14), “Sunflowers and Buffalo Chips,” by Gary L. Kapp (22–23), and portrait of Emmeline B. Wells, by Lee Greene Richards (30), © by Intellectual Reserve, Inc. “Boy and Cat: My Little Son, Heber James,” by James T. Harwood, © Springville Museum of Art (26). “Bend of the River,” by David H. Smith (35), courtesy Community of Christ Archives.

Orson F. Whitney

POET, HISTORIAN & APOSTLE

"We shall yet have Miltons and Shakespeares of our own. God's ammunition is not exhausted. His highest spirits are held in reserve for the latter times. In God's name and by his help we will build up a literature whose top shall touch heaven, though its foundation may now be low on earth."

—Orson F. Whitney



Grandson of Heber C. Kimball, one of the original Twelve Apostles under the Prophet Joseph Smith, Orson Ferguson Whitney was born in Salt Lake City, July 1, 1855. His father, Horace Kimball Whitney was the eldest son of Newel Kimball Whitney, the second Presiding Bishop of the Church. His mother, Helen Mar Whitney, was the eldest daughter of Heber C. Kimball.

Early in life, Orson F. Whitney had a love for music and drama, taught himself to play the flute, and later showed talents for poetry, writing, and preaching. Whitney worked for the Union Pacific Railroad, attended the University of Deseret, and at 21 served his first mission in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Returning to Utah in the spring of 1878, he was employed by the *Deseret News*.

On July 14, 1878, at the age of 23 and unmarried—rarely heard of—Orson F. Whitney became bishop of the Salt Lake City 18th Ward. A month later he was promoted to city editor of the *Deseret News*.

Orson, shortly thereafter, married Zina Beal Smoot (daughter of Abraham O. Smoot and sister of Senator Reed Smoot) of Provo, Utah, December 18, 1879. The couple raised nine children. In February of 1880—only a year and a half after marriage—he was called on a mission to Europe to serve as editor of the *Millennial Star* in Liverpool. While he was away, Whitney's second son, Heber Kimball, whom he had never seen, died. Whitney labored in England for three-and-a-half years, returning home to Salt Lake City July 7, 1883.

On July 24, 1888, in Colonia Diaz, Mexico, Orson married his second wife, Mary Minerva Wells of Salt Lake City, and they had two children.

His first book, *The Life of Heber C. Kimball*, was published in 1888, and his second, *Poetical Writings*, was released sometime between 1888 and 1889.

Whitney developed a close relationship with the prophet Lorenzo Snow. A defender of Womens Suffrage, Whitney was one of the committee that rewrote the entire constitution of Utah before it was submitted to Washington D.C.

Whitney taught theology and English at Brigham Young Academy in Provo. He was elected to the state senate in the fall of 1898. In 1899 he worked in the Church Historian's Office, where "his duties comprised the keeping of the Church journal, the answering of correspondence, the writing of special articles for



Quorum of the Twelve Apostles (1921–1931). Seated (left to right): Rudger Clawson, Reed Smoot, George Albert Smith, George Franklin Richards, Orson F. Whitney, David O. McKay. Standing (left to right): Joseph Fielding Smith, James E. Talmage, Stephen L. Richards, Richard R. Lyman, Melvin J. Ballard, John A. Widtsoe.

the press and such other service as may be necessary. In literary work, discourses, lectures, orations, funeral sermons and miscellaneous addresses, along with his ecclesiastical labors, his mind, tongue and pen were kept constantly busy.”¹

Following the death of his first wife, Zina Beal, Orson and Mary were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple October 11, 1900.

“[A] truly great intellectual writer of the Church in the early twentieth century, Orson F. Whitney served as a Salt Lake Bishop for 28 years. He was a renowned speaker, and may have been the only Bishop who was repeatedly invited to speak at Conference. Nearly everyone expected him to be an Apostle some day. . . . He served three missions, wrote a four volume history of Utah (still a classic), wrote several biographies and several books of poetry. His most famous poem is ‘Elias, An epic for the ages.’ He was active in local politics and was . . . ordained an Apostle in 1906 at the same time as George F. Richards and David O. McKay.”² During the 1920s Orson delivered spiritual lectures broadcasted live on Sunday evenings over KSL radio.

On May 16, 1931, Orson F. Whitney died at the age of 76. Mary M. Whitney died four years later on January 25, 1935.

1 Source: Andrew Jenson, *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia: A Compilation of Biographical Sketches of Prominent Men and Women in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City: Western Epics, 1971)..

2 S. Faux, “Orson F. Whitney: Scholar and Apostle,” ©2008 Email: foxgoku54@gmail.com; URL: <http://mormoninsights.blogspot.com>.

A VOICE FROM AN ABSENT ONE

The wintry day descending to its close,
Invites all wearied nature to repose,

And shades of night are falling dense and fast
Like sable curtains closing o'er the past.

Pale through the gloom the newly fallen snow
Wraps in its shroud the silent earth below,

As though, in mercy, God had spread the pall,
A symbol of forgiveness to us all.

I cannot go to rest, but linger still
In meditation at my window-sill.

While, like the twinkling stars in heaven's dome,
Come, one by one, sweet memories of home.

A flood of thought which struggled to be free,
Now opens wide the gates of memory;

Love lights the way, and, guided by its beam,
My soul floats on the surface of the stream.

And wouldst thou ask me where my fancy roves,
To reproduce the happy scenes it loves?

Where hope and memory together dwell
And paint the pictures beauties that I tell?

Far, far away among the western hills,
And gardens watered by the mountain rills,

Where giant peaks uprear their heads so high,
Their cloud-capt summits seem to pierce the sky;

Where smiling valleys from the desert torn,
Redeemed, are waving with their golden corn;

Where sweet religion in its purity
Invites all men to its security.

There is my home, the spot I love so well,
Whose worth and beauty pen nor tongue can tell.

Away beyond the prairies of the west,
Where exiled Saints in solitude were blest;

Where industry the seal of wealth has set
Amid the peaceful vales of Deseret.

Unheeding still the fiercest blasts that blow,
With tops encrusted by eternal snow.

Her peaks that towering shield the tender sod,
Stand, types of freedom, reared by nature's God.

The wintry snows now melt in summer's beams,
And from the canyons rush the crystal streams.

Divinity the bounteous means supplies,
A desert to reclaim and fertilize.

The wilderness that naught before would yield,
Is now become a fertile, fruitful field;

Where roamed at will the savage Indian bands,
In pride and wealth a peaceful city stands.

And souls that seek the truth are welcome there,
All followers of Christ their bounty share;

And all who cast base prejudice away,
And let impartial judgment bear the sway,

There find a virtuous people, vilified;
Freemen, to whom the freemen's rights denied.

Sweet mountain home! Wide o'er the sinful world,
Though persecution's rage is at thee hurled,

Thou shalt endure—for Truth is thy defense,
While waste thy foes with war and pestilence.

Heed not the slander of the evil tongue,
Nor fear the hand of hatred o'er thee hung.

Is it not writ; "The weak of earth I take,
The power, the wisdom of the world to shake?"

Then let thy faith as Job's and Jacob's be;
God is thy friend, and great thy desitiny.

From **IMMANUEL—
A CHRISTMAS IDYL**

A stranger star o'er Bethlehem
Shot down its silver ray,
Where cradled in a manger's fold.
A sleeping infant lay.
And guided by that finger bright,
The Orient sages bring
Rare gifts of myrrh and frankincense,
To hail the new-born King.

A SILENT SORROW

The streams that run with loudest ripple
Are not the deepest streams that flow;
Nor trickling eyes, nor lips that murmur.
Feel, always, what they fain would show.

As rains that cool the breath of summer
Relieve the thunder-stricken cloud,
So pain is reft of half its burden
When sorrow weeps and mourns aloud.

There is a grave near yonder mountain
Holds in its breast a secret deep,
Where oft a sorrow's seen to linger,
Whose eyes are never known to weep.

There is a grief that chokes expression,
Sad eyes whence tears may never fall;
God pity him whose grief flows inward,
For this the greatest grief of all. ▣

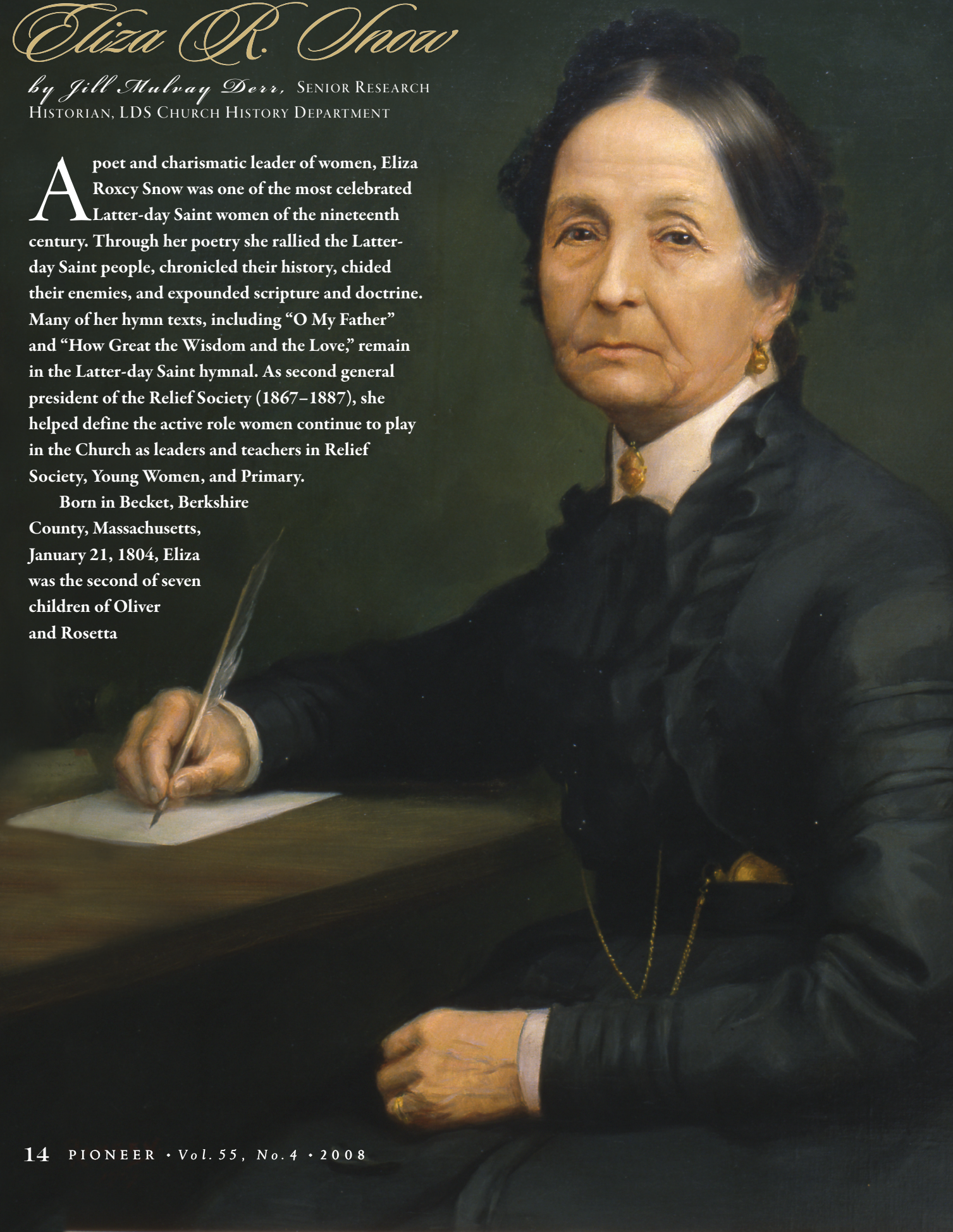
Orson F. Whitney, Poetical Writings (Salt Lake City: Juvenile Instructor Office, 1889), 12–15, 59, 139.

Eliza R. Snow

by *Jill Mulvay Derr*, SENIOR RESEARCH
HISTORIAN, LDS CHURCH HISTORY DEPARTMENT

A poet and charismatic leader of women, Eliza Roxcy Snow was one of the most celebrated Latter-day Saint women of the nineteenth century. Through her poetry she rallied the Latter-day Saint people, chronicled their history, chided their enemies, and expounded scripture and doctrine. Many of her hymn texts, including “O My Father” and “How Great the Wisdom and the Love,” remain in the Latter-day Saint hymnal. As second general president of the Relief Society (1867–1887), she helped define the active role women continue to play in the Church as leaders and teachers in Relief Society, Young Women, and Primary.

Born in Becket, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, January 21, 1804, Eliza was the second of seven children of Oliver and Rosetta



Pettibone Snow. . . . The precocious girl, who sometimes wrote school lessons in rhyme, later worked as secretary in the office of her father, a justice of the peace. Trained by her mother in domestic arts, she earned income as a seamstress. She was also a schoolteacher. Between 1826 and 1832 she published more than 20 poems over various pen names in *Ravenna, Ohio's Western Courier* and *Ohio Star*.

Eliza's Baptist parents welcomed into their Mantua, Ohio, home a variety of religious believers. . . . Joseph Smith visited the Snow home in 1831 and baptized Eliza's mother and sister Leonora before year's end. Eliza hesitated, deliberated, became fully committed, and was baptized April 5, 1835. She moved in December to Kirtland, Ohio, where she donated much-needed cash to the temple, lived with Joseph and Emma Smith, taught in their family school, and composed two hymns for Emma's new hymnal. Eliza's brother Lorenzo was baptized at Kirtland in June 1836. In 1838 the Snow family joined the Saints' migration to Missouri . . . to settle . . . at Adam-ondi-Ahman until persecution forced the Saints to flee to Illinois.

In Nauvoo Eliza gained distinction as "Zion's Poetess," a title given her by Joseph Smith, and the city's periodicals regularly featured her hymns and poetry. In 1842 she was appointed secretary of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo. She penned the minutes of the 1842–44 meetings . . . [and] later brought the precious record to Utah.

Initially repelled by polygamy, she came to esteem it a divine principle and became a plural wife of Joseph Smith June 29, 1842. She later acknowledged him "the choice of my heart and the crown of my life" (Derr, 87). Following her parents' disaffection with the Church and removal from Nauvoo, she lived in the Smith household from August 1842 to February 1843. . . .

After the Prophet's martyrdom, Eliza became a plural wife of Brigham Young October 3, 1844. She left Nauvoo March 4, 1846, with the Saints trekking west under President Young's direction and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley October 2, 1847. Her two trail diaries (1846–1849) contain vivid descriptions, friendship poems, and

"songs for the Camp of Israel." They also report informal gatherings where Eliza and other women exercised gifts of tongues, prophecy, and healing and received in times of suffering "rich seasons of refreshing from above" (*Personal Writings*, 29).

In Salt Lake City, Utah, childless Eliza Snow became a prominent member of Brigham Young's family, moving in 1855 into a small upstairs room in the Lion House, where she resided until her death. She continued to publish her poetry in Latter-day Saint periodicals. The first of her two volumes of *Poems, Religious, Historical, and Political* appeared in 1856, the second in 1877. . . . Her hymn "O My Father" testifies simply of Father and Mother in Heaven. Other poems emphasize obedience and witness that righteous women receive the ministrations of the Holy Spirit and will ultimately be exalted, become joint heirs with Christ, and obtain "The power of reigning and the right to reign" (Snow, 2:178).

Called by Brigham Young in 1866 to help bishops reorganize Relief Societies in local wards and to "instruct the sisters," Eliza traveled from ward to ward, citing precedents and instructions from the Nauvoo minutes. She encouraged sisters to attend society meetings, sustain priesthood leaders, and support Brigham Young's program for economic self-sufficiency by establishing cooperatives, storing grain, raising silk, and obtaining medical training. Though not officially set apart as general president of the Relief Society until June 1880, she had essentially functioned in that capacity since 1867.

Because she was instrumental in the organization of Retrenchment Associations for Young Ladies (1869) and Primary Associations (1878) for children and helped over-

see their work as well as that of the Relief Society, she became known

L to R: Elizabeth Howard, Eliza R. Snow, and Hannah T. King (see poem, p. 6); three prominent early LDS Relief Society Women.



as the “presidentess” of Latter-day Saint Women’s organizations. She also directed temple ordinance work in the Endowment House for many years. . . . She counseled her sisters: “In your lives seek to refine and elevate, that you may be prepared to come into the presence of holy beings, and associate with Gods, we do not know our own abilities until they are brought into exercise” (qtd. in Derr,

113). After Brigham Young’s death, Eliza returned to using Joseph Smith’s name, calling herself Eliza R. Snow Smith from 1880 on. She died December 5, 1887, in Salt Lake City and was buried in Brigham Young’s family cemetery.

Source: Arnold K. Garr, Donald Q. Cannon, and Richard O. Cowan, Encyclopedia of Latter-day Saint History (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 2000), 1148–50.

Pioneer magazine is honored to offer the following excerpts from a forthcoming volume of poetry by authors Karen Lynn Davidson and Jill Mulvey Derr. THE COMPLETE POETRY OF ELIZA R. SNOW, to be published by BYU Studies, will contain more than 500 known poems by Eliza with many published in this book for the first time. Although members of the Church know her mainly as a hymn-writer, the hymns were only a small part of her poetic output. With a historical introduction to each poem, we learn of her friendships, her faithfulness, and her conflicted attitude toward the federal government. Her poetry provides us insight into her attitudes, goals and priorities, church leadership, and the importance of endurance and faithfulness.

The Red Man of the West

On December 8, 1829, in his first message to Congress, U.S. President Andrew Jackson strongly advocated removing the Indians to a designated area west of the Mississippi River. As an alternative, he suggested the Indians remain in the states and submit to state laws, but they would forfeit a substantial amount of land. Following Jackson’s address, both the House of Representatives and the Senate introduced Indian removal bills.¹ Beginning in March 1830, the *Ohio Star* published discussions of the Indian removal policy and excerpts from the congressional debates, as well as a poem titled “The Indian’s Song.” Eliza R. Snow’s poem “The Red Man of the West” was published in the *Star* on March 31, 1830, with the pseudonym “Pocahontas.” Her poem is within the well-established American poetic tradition of Indian laments, as seen especially in the

works of Philip Freneau (Eliza knew his “Death Song of a Cherokee Indian”) and Sarah Wentworth Morton. In 1865, Eliza made significant revisions and additions to “The Red Man of the West,” retitling it “The Lamanite.” The first thirty-four lines of “The Red Man of the West” have the distinction of being the only lines to be included in both volumes of Eliza’s poetry, *Poems I* (1856) and *Poems II* (1877).

The Great Spirit, ’tis said, to our forefathers gave
All the lands ’twixt the eastern and western big wave,
And the Indian was happy, he’d nothing to fear,
As he rang’d o’er the mountains in chase of the deer:
And he felt like a prince as he steer’d the canoe,
Or explor’d the lone wild, with his hatchet and bow,
Quench’d his thirst at the streamlet, or simply he fed,
The heav’ns were his curtains, the hillock his bed.
Say then was he homeless? No, no his heart beat
For the dear ones he lov’d in the wigwam retreat.

But a wreck of the white man came over the wave,
In the chains of the tyrant he’d learn’d to enslave:
Emerging from bondage, and pale with distress,
He fled from oppression, he came to oppress!
Yes, such was the white man, invested with power,
When almost devour’d he’d turn and devour;
He seiz’d our possessions, and fat’ning with pride,
He thirsted for glory, but freedom he cried.

Our fathers were brave, they contended awhile,
Then left the invader the coveted soil;
The spoiler pursu’d them, our fathers went on,
And their children are now at the low setting sun;
The white man, yet prouder, would grasp all the shore,
He smuggled, and purchas’d, and coveted more.

The pampers'd blue eagle is stretching its crest
Beside the great waters that circle the west;
Behind the west wood, where the Indian retires,
The white man is building his opposite fires,
To fell the last forest, and burn up the wild
Which nature design'd for her wandering child!

Chas'd into environs, and no where to fly,
Too weak to contend, and unwilling to die,
Oh where will a place for the Indian be found?
Shall he take to the skies? or retreat under ground?

Published March 31, 1830, in the Ohio Star.

Song for the Camp of Israel

Written the day the Latter-day Saints departed
from Sugar Creek, Iowa, journeying like ancient
Israel to a place of refuge, this song portrays camp life in
unusual and vivid detail. "Most midwestern poetry,"
writes John E. Hallwas, "did not reflect the reality of life
on the frontier" but focused instead on "romantic diction
and sentimentality." Eliza's poems, however, "are strikingly
original in subject matter."² Her refrain, "all is well,"
echoing the watchman's cry, predates William Clayton's
use of those words in the pioneer anthem now titled
"Come, Come, Ye Saints," which was written April 15,
1846.³ Eliza wrote a variety of songs for the camp.

Lo! a mighty host of Jacob
Tented on the western shore
Of the noble Mississippi,
Which they had been crossing o'er;
At the last day's dawn of winter,
Bound with frost and wrapt in snow:
Hark! the sound is onward, onward!
Camp of Israel! rise and go.

All at once is life and motion,
Trunks and beds, and baggage fly;
Oxen yok'd and horses harness'd,—
Tents roll'd up, are passing by;
Soon the carriage-wheels are rolling
Onward to a woodland dell,
Where, at sunset, all are quarter'd:
Camp of Israel! all is well.

Thickly round the tents are cluster'd
Neighbouring smokes, together blend;

Supper serv'd, the hymns are chanted,
And the evening prayers ascend.
Last of all the guards are station'd:
Heavens! must guards be serving here;
Who would harm the houseless exiles?
Camp of Israel! never fear.

Where is freedom? Where is justice?
Both have from this nation fled;
And the blood of martyr'd prophets
Must be answer'd on its head!
Therefore, to your tents, O Jacob!
Like our father Abram dwell;
God will execute his purpose:
Camp of Israel! all is well.

Composed March 1, 1846.

Published July 1, 1848, in Millennial Star.

National Song

Less than a year after the Twelve brought their families
from Winter Quarters to the valley, Eliza's brother
Lorenzo originated and compiled the 1849 [Twenty-
fourth of July] second anniversary program, and [Eliza]
later observed that "it required no small stretch of ingenu-
ity to organize, and with appropriate honors, celebrate a
day of so much historical importance."⁴ The celebration of
the third anniversary, July 24, 1850, was patterned after
Lorenzo's original program, and Eliza composed four
pieces for the occasion. The celebration commenced with
an opening procession and prayer, then an address by
President Brigham Young, followed by readings of
the Declaration of Independence, the United States
Constitution, and the constitution of the State of Deseret.
The celebrants then uttered shouts of "Hosannah" to the
accompaniment of cannon fire. Afterward the choir sang
this poem, "National Song." The *Deseret News* specifies
that the tune to which these words were sung was "The
Spirit of God," but we cannot be sure this is the same tune
as appears in the 1985 hymnal paired with the text of
"The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning."⁵

Thrones, Kingdoms, Dominions, and all Institutions
Of human erection, are bound to decay;
But the heavens introduce, in this last dispensation,
Their own order of things, that will not pass away.

Chorus.

Lo! here in the midst of the snow-cover'd mountains,
We call to all nations—all people forsooth;
Come, come to our Standard, the Deseret Standard,
The Standard of Freedom, Salvation, and Truth.

The Saints hold the Priesthood, which from the beginning
Existed with God, and on earth will remain,
Establishing liberty, peace, and salvation—
Preparing the way for Messiah to reign.

Chorus.—Lo! here, &c.

All hell has combin'd with this world's bitter hatred,
Usurp'd man's best rights, all our freedom supprest,
From place to place driven us, and murder'd our Prophet,
And homeless we wander'd while poor and distressed.

Chorus.—Lo! here, &c.

Brigham Young, with a band of brave Pioneer vet'rans,
Like Abra'm instructed, here found us a home,
In these deep western wilds, amid snow-cover'd mountains,
Where th' wild cactus blooms, and rude savages roam.

Chorus.—Lo! here, &c.

All hail to the day they saluted this Valley—
Day sacred to mem'ry, to Liberty dear:
While th' judgments of God are pour'd forth on the nations,
Truth, Equity, Justice, and Peace resort here.

Chorus.—Lo! here, &c.

The cactus our emblem, we're strong through oppression;
In exile our Banner is broadest unfurl'd—
When robb'd we grow wealthy—the blood of our martyrs
Will plant the pure Standard and challenge the world.

Chorus.—Lo! here, &c.

Composed ca. July 24, 1850, published 1856 in Poems, Vol 1.

To Elder John Lyon

In 1853, Scottish convert John Lyon published a collection of poetry to benefit the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. He gave a copy of his *Harp of Zion* to Eliza. In it she found herself mentioned in three poems: a tribute to departing elders Franklin D. and Samuel W. Richards, a poem titled “The Poet’s Dream,” and a poem beginning “Eliza Snow is the queen of the muse.”⁶ *Harp of Zion* also included Eliza’s “Lines to Elder Franklin D. Richards.” The following poem, “To Elder John Lyon,” responds to John’s gift. The two poets sometimes corresponded through poetic banter.

Like a bright golden gem, in a casket refin'd,
Is the “*Harp*” you presented to me:
I admire its bold speech, and its high tone of mind,
And its accents of innocent glee.
Combin'd with rich matter, its elegant style,
Where good order and beauty entwine,
Is a tall panegyric on skill to compile,
On good taste in the author’s design.

I accept the fair gift, the rich, beautiful boon,
With gratitude mingled with pleasure:
With its heaven-inspir’d pages I love to commune,
And, possessing it, feel I’ve a treasure. ▀

Composed ca. 1853. Published 1856 in Poems, Vol 1.

1 See Prucha, *American Indian Policy*, 237–39.

2 Hallwas, “The Midwestern Poetry of Eliza R. Snow,” 145.

3 *Hymns*, 1985, #30; Clayton, William Clayton’s Journal, 19.

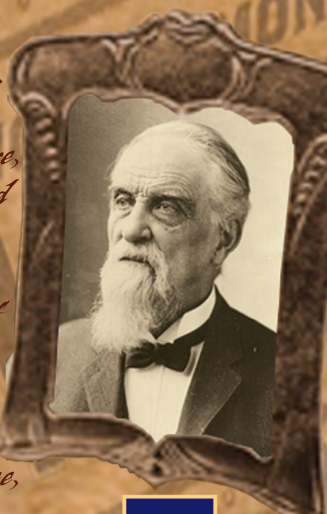
4 Eliza R. Snow, *Lorenzo Snow Biography and Family Record*, 96.

5 “The 24th of July, 1850—in Great Salt Lake Valley,” *Deseret News*, August 3, 1850, 58–59; *Hymns*, 1985, #2.

6 Lyon, “Eulogy, To Miss Eliza R. Snow,” 17–19, 50–52, 44–45..

An Uncommon Common Pioneer:
The Journals of James Henry Martineau, 1828–1918
Edited by Donald G. Godfrey and Rebecca S. Martineau-McCarty

1857
—Here was a dilemma.
No time was lost, but
all began to fight the fire,
and finally extinguished
it after half an hour's
severe exertion. This
stopped all our idea of
cooking. Fearing that
the Indians had
seen the smoke, we
traveled rapidly for home,
making that day
a march of over
50 miles.



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John Lyon

"Elisa Dear" John Lyon wrote this poem [MS 1595, n. d., John Lyon Collection, BYU] to Eliza, apparently in response to a communication from her. The stanza form was a favorite of Robert Burns ("Holy Willie's Prayer," "To a Louse," and many others).



Eliza Dear, I got your letter,
But many things my hands did fetter,
To answer yours. I thought 'twas better
to waite on time.
So here it comes, a little patter,
composed in rhyme!

Whilst poring o'er this paternoster
My musing brain seemed in a fluster
Me thought I was conveyed to Wor-ster
And there did see
Your birthday friends a joyful muster
in Mormon glee!

And there in vision full pourtraid,
Your dinner saw, with every grade
Of puddings, tarts, and fruits displayd,
layd out to view
With every other dainty made
of roast & stew.

There brother Samuel sat well pleased
While Pastor Haight, by Cupid seized
Took Lizzey on his knee & squeezed
The fairy queen,
Me thought, I in the spirit sneezed
to view the scene.

Poor Joseph Young both pale & thin
With bones near cutting thro' the skin
Revived to see how bowls did rin
in festive life.
Laughed loud & joked, how he would soon
have a dear wife.

He told the peerless hostess fair
When she went home his house she'd share
And said he'd take her every where
Among the great
Even, to the throne of regal chair!
And friends of state.

And all around the festive board
I heard with promises assured
That he a husband had procured
When you went home
I felt they could not less afford
And said Amen.

Miss Pitt seemed jealous of such praise
And strived each tyro's heart to glaze
By singing love's enchanting lays
"forget thee, never"
Till each warm heart was in a blaze
of loves mad fever.

There sat the Doctor staunch & steady
At his left side, his honoured Lady
For knowledge few could be their buddy
nor skill exceed in,
With words of wisdom ever ready
and gentle breeding.

Next Kelly faithful honest cheel
Did honour to the pyes & veel
He praised the Makers name with zeal
for mair to come
And sung of lands & plentys beil
"When Saints go home."

And near the chair in corner nook
Sat Mr. and blythe Mrs. Harris Cook
With piercing e's like any berries rook
with killing glow
A nobler squad neer met for look
In easy row

And to complete your birthday treat
John & his father sang so sweet
I felt my heart with pleasure beat
to hear them sing
Till wukerife [?] sense withdrew the cheat
And took her wing.

But now alas! Since I'm awake
And find myself in a mistake
I'll ask your pardon for gadesake
 & say no more
I wrote it merely for your sake
 on friendship's store.

So fare thee weel my lassie bland
May health & wealth thy life command
And fate neer set thee on the strand
 a widow sighing
Till age has run its full'st sand
 Remember Lyon.

From 1850 to 1870 the *Deseret News* published a poem daily on or near the front page. Only a few of about 25 local poets represented there were read outside Utah. John Lyon was one. Before he arrived in Utah a volume of his verse had been printed at the LDS church offices in Liverpool, England. And before his 1843 conversion to Mormonism his poems had appeared in Glasgow newspapers, in his native Scotland.

From the 1850s through the 1880s Lyon served as Salt Lake City's premier poet in the Robert Burnsian tradition of the Scottish bard.

Lyon was born in Glasgow in 1803. Fatherless at 8, he helped his mother on the handloom until he was 17. He then apprenticed as a weaver of fine linen. At age 23 he moved to Kilmarnock . . . and started his own weaving business, which eventually comprised six looms. In his off-hours he engaged in bare-knuckle boxing and debating at Paxton's Brewery.

In Kilmarnock he discovered poetic yearnings in himself. . . . He now embarked on a three-year course of evening classes [and became] a penny-a-liner and promoter of a string of short-lived Scottish newspapers. His investigative report on Ayrshire poverty was read in Parliament and reprinted in the *London Times*.

In common with many Scots, Lyon had inclinations toward unorthodox religious theories, including Mesmerism; but he went his peers one better: in 1843 he became the first Mormon convert in Kilmarnock.

The 1865 Deseret News pictured right shows a "theatrical" write-up mostly likely written by John Lyon. The 11th line: "If Scottish dramas when produced here, were played a little more English with a Scotch accent . . ." indicates a good clue that it was written by a man with Scottish heritage!

April 5, 1865.]

THEATRICAL.—Uncle Tom's Cabin was presented again on Wednesday night, and drew another crowded house. The playing was good throughout. Eva's dying song was a new and most attractive feature in the piece. Everything this little lady does, is well done.

On Saturday night the Heart of Mid-Lothian was produced for the first time here, with some very fine new scenery painted expressly for the piece, an effective *mise en scene*, and a strong cast. If Scottish dramas when produced here, were played a little more English with a Scotch accent, and showed a less labored effort to murder English by giving a vile imitation of the Scotch dialect the points could be better appreciated by the audience, because they would be better understood. The play is a fine one, the situations are highly dramatic, and the denouement very impressive and exciting. The last scene, where Effie is being led to execution, and an angry and excited populace attack the prison, blow up the gates and rush to her rescue as Jeanie arrives with the pardon and Robertson with the child, is a climax reached in but few dramas so exactly at the desired moment. The playing was very good, yet we believe it will be better to-night, as all will be more at home with the text. Mr. Dunbar's Dumbiedikes was very unctuous and rich; Mr. McKenzie's David Deans was naturally and faithfully rendered; so were the two sisters by Mesdames Gibson and A. Clawson; and everybody in the cast seemed to do their best. The Frisky Cobbler kept the house in a roar till the curtain dropped. The Heart of Mid-Lothian will be repeated to-night, and the very general demand for Magic Toys has induced the Management to produce that fine ballet farce as an afterpiece. We expect another crowded house.

PROVO.—Bishop Wm. W. Cluff informs us that the measles and scarlet rash and fever are afflicting many in Provo, in some cases fatally.

BEAR LAKE VALLEY.—Elder R. R. Hopkins, just from Richland county, informs us that settlers in that newly occupied region wintered finely, and lost but few of their stock, notwithstanding they had snow for a time $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep. For want of milling facilities coarse flour and boiled wheat took place of the bolted article, a healthy article of diet much in vogue with us in the Forts here in 1847-48.

BEAVER.—By letter, March 23, we learn that in Beaver the past winter was cold and snowy. Highest reading of thermometer at daylight, in December, 26° above zero, lowest, 4° below; 19 windy days, and 12 snow storms, total snow 51 inches; the deepest single snow fall in the valley was 10 inches on the 14th in Jan. highest read-

THE DESERET NEWS.

The case of the people vs. Rosenbaum *et al* was led. A venire for twenty-four petit jurors is returned, and the gentlemen summoned appeared in Court and answered to their names.

It is a general time of heat. We have a rumor that P. has postponed his southern so?

This brought an end to his career as a secular writer. He now contributed articles and poems to the bimonthly Mormon *Millennial Star*. His poetry book, *Harp of Zion*, published to help the Perpetual Emigration Fund, enjoyed a modest success—900 of 3,400 copies sold over the next 18 months—and established Lyon's reputation among Mormons. When Lyon, his wife, and some of their eight surviving children immigrated to Utah in 1853, he was already known to Brigham Young, who gave him employment as the Young family weaver.

Gradually Lyon created a career in Salt Lake City as a cottage weaver, librarian, and theater critic that lasted over 30 years. A member of the Deseret Dramatic Association, he helped select plays, cast, coach, and review. He became well known to territorial audiences through his theater columns in the *Deseret News*, often submitted under the pen name Alpha.

By the 1870s Lyon was a Salt Lake institution with his Scottish accent, bushy eyebrows, long nose, and white sideburns. If Church officials did not show him off to visiting literati like Horace Greeley, Sir Richard Burton, and Mark Twain, such visitors often encountered Lyon at the territorial library. . . .

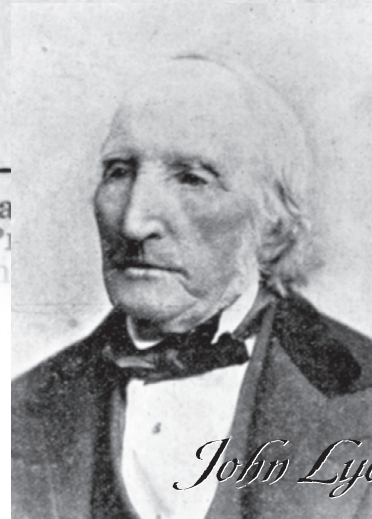
Lyon was a committed Mormon. For over 30 years his ecclesiastic function was superintending the Endowment House—a job similar to that of today's LDS temple president. And in 1856 . . . Lyon married a 16-year-old orphan, Carolyn Holland, by whom he had a second family of nine children.

In the 1860s Lyon came under gentle fire from young colleagues—"the lads" in the *Deseret News* offices—for not being critical enough in his theater reviews. They thought he tended to overpraise certain performers in particular. Lyon believed it required far more talent to produce a mediocre performance than an excellent piece of criticism. So he continued to be "much disposed to praise," treating less-than-luminous efforts with silence. His method must have worked, for he was an early speech coach of Maude Adams, who went on to star in *Peter Pan* on Broadway.

A lingering assessment of Lyon's poetry was that it was didactic, sentimental, and technically unoriginal. But

that is true of much Victorian-era poetry. Lyon was nevertheless the first—and best—of the pioneer poets to apply accomplished poetic tradition to Mormon themes.

Excerpts from "John Lyon, Utah's Robert Burns," Utah History Blazer, October, 1996, with sources: Ted Lyon, John Lyon: The Life of a Pioneer Poet (Provo, Utah: Religious Study Center, 1989); John Lyon, Harp of Zion (Liverpool: Millennial Star, 1853).



TIME

How swiftly time flies on apace,
The present moment, like a race,
Glides swift away;
And ere unheeding mortals know
Its value as the moments flow—
Lo, yesterday!

These moments, though for ever flown,
We fondly think them still our own,
But ah, alas!
Time's unremitting course rolls on,
In hast to be, and to be gone
With that which was.

Ah! fleeting shadow, passing breath,
Scarce uttered till thou'rt lost in death,
Nor hand can stay.
Yet, still the future, present, past,—
The same for ever, ever last
Without decay.

From age to age, from everlasting,
Frail mortals their accounts are casting—
Yet, still thou'lt be
A thing beginning to begin!
Yet, seldom thought of, but in sin.
Eternity!

John Lyon, Harp of Zion (Liverpool: S. W. Richards; London: T. C. Armstrong, 1853), 127–28.

MOURN NOT FOR ME

*Mourn not for me;
Death found me not too soon
Before life's midday noon;
It was to be.*

*I've found that shore
Where reigns immortal life;
There sin and sorrow rife
Shall vex no more.*

*Seek for that rest
That holiness can give;
It helps us well to live,
To die the best.*

*The day is near
When death himself must die,
The life, without a sigh,
Will have no fear.¹*

—John Lyon





CONFIDENCE IN GOD

*O Lord! responsive to thy call,
In life or death, whate'er befall!
Our hopes of bliss on thee depend;
Thou art our everlasting friend.*

*Though life be short, and trials seem
To darken its protracted gleam;
Though friends forsake, and foes contend,
Thou'rt still our everlasting friend.*

*Death may distract our present joy,
And all our present hopes destroy;
Yet, these will in the future tend
To prove thee still our faithful friend.*

*O let thy Spirit with us dwell,
That we in future worlds may tell,
How we o'ercame, and in the end
Made thee our everlasting Friend.²*

—John Lyon ▼

¹ John Lyon, *Songs of a Pioneer*, comp. David R. Lyon (Salt Lake City: Magazine Printing Co., 1925), 60.

² John Lyon, *Harp of Zion* (Liverpool: S. W. Richards; London: T. C. Armstrong, 1853), 201.

Woman's Exponent.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 1, 1872.

A UTAH LADIES' JOURNAL

The *Woman's Exponent*, founded in Salt Lake City in 1872, was one of the earliest periodicals for women in the United States. Published by female members of the Church, it had the approval of the Church hierarchy.

The development of a woman's periodical was encouraged by Edward L. Sloan, editor of the *Salt Lake Herald*, who allowed the new publication the use of his newspaper presses during the first year of the *Exponent's* existence. Brigham Young . . . and the General Authorities of the Church urged women to support it.

The aim of the *Exponent*, according to its editors—first Lula Greene Richards and later Emmeline B. Wells—was to provide a vehicle that would speak for women at large, and readers were invited to express their own views and feelings for publication.

Preceded by two short-lived women's periodicals in San Francisco and one in Oregon, the *Exponent* had the distinction of being the first long-lasting magazine printed by women west of the Mississippi River. Its readership included women, in Europe as well as throughout America, who sought to learn more about the opinions and attributes of Mormon women. In 1898 it was exhibited in the women's hall of the World's Fair at the Hague [Holland], where its defense of plural marriage created considerable interest.

The *Exponent* was always given support by Eliza R. Snow, general president of the Relief Society, and for a time it became the official instrument of that organization. Its publication ceased in February of 1914.

The following article appeared at the beginning of each issue of the *Woman's Exponent*:

The women of Utah today occupy a position which attracts the attention of intelligent, thinking men and women everywhere. They are engaged in the practical solution of some of the greatest social and moral problems of the age,

and a powerful interest is manifested throughout the United States and, it may be said, the entire civilized world, to learn from reliable sources the views honestly entertained by them on these questions.

They have been grossly misrepresented through the press, by active enemies who permit no opportunity to pass of maligning and slandering them, and with but limited opportunity of appealing to the intelligence and candor of their fellow countrymen and countrywomen in reply.

Who are so well able to speak for the women of Utah as the women of Utah themselves? It is better to represent ours than to be misrepresented by others!

For these reasons, and that women may help each other by the diffusion of knowledge and information possessed by many and suitable to all, the publication of Woman's Exponent, a journal owned by, controlled by, and edited by Utah ladies, has been commenced.

The aim of this journal will be to discuss every subject interesting and valuable to women. It will contain a brief and graphic summary of current news, local and general, household hints, educational matters, articles on health and dress, correspondence, editorials on leading topics of interest suitable to its columns, and miscellaneous reading.

It will aim to defend the right, inculcate sound principles, and disseminate useful knowledge.

*Utah, in its Female Relief Societies, has the best-organized benevolent institution of the age; yet, but little is known of the self-sacrificing labors of these societies. In Woman's Exponent, a department will be devoted to reports of their meetings and other matters of interest connected with their workings; and to this end, the Presidents and Secretaries of the various Societies throughout the Territory are requested to furnish communications which will receive due attention.** ▣

**Excerpts from Daughters of Utah Pioneers, December 1993 lesson, compiled by Emma R. Olsen and Beatrice B. Malouf.*

Louisa Lula Greene Richards

Born in Kanesville, Iowa, during a cholera outbreak, Louisa Lula Greene Richards survived two nearly fatal accidents as a child and grew up to become the first woman journalist in Utah. Her family arrived in Salt Lake City in 1852, after Brigham Young ordered the evacuation of Kanesville and all Pottawattamie County, and they eventually settled in Cache County, Utah.

At age 18, she and her sister Lissa opened a small school, but Lula was frustrated by her impatience with the students and by her lack of formal education. It was her desire for learning that in 1869 took her back to school in Salt Lake City, and there her talent as a writer began to develop. Early poems she submitted to the *Salt Lake Herald* and the *Deseret News* under the name “Lula” were well received.

A great-niece of Brigham Young, she formed a close relationship with Eliza R. Snow and helped her bring about her second volume of poems by selling advance subscriptions to raise the funds needed for publication.

Her personal initiative and skill with the pen caught the attention of Edward Sloan, editor of the *Salt Lake Herald*, and in 1872 he selected her to be the editor of a new newspaper, the *Woman's Exponent*. Unsure of her qualifications for such a position, she accepted only on the conditions that Eliza R. Snow approved and that Brigham Young made it an official church calling. For the next five years her editorials argued for the right of women to vote, to obtain an equal education, and to choose their occupation. She also advocated the right of Mormon women to practice their religion freely. She retired from her

position after the birth of her second daughter, but she continued to write as her family grew. Her poems appeared in the *Woman's Exponent*, *Improvement Era*, *Young Woman's Journal*, *Children's Friend*, *Relief Society Magazine*, and *Juvenile Instructor*. Her book of poetry, *Branches That Run over the Wall*, was published in 1904.

Source: *Mormon Literature Database—Richards, Lula Greene*, <http://mormonlit.lib.byu.edu>

On My Fourteenth Birthday

My hand with a bouquet of flowers,
My heart with a sunbeam's bright ray;
Thus innocent, happy, and careless,
My childhood is passing away.

Ah! friends, gentle friends, I am noting,
How time doth not pause or delay;
But each is a mark for his changes,
My childhood is passing away.

May I ponder with wiser reflections,
Yet with heart just as innocent say,
When gazing at time in the future,
Bright youth, thou art passing away.

And when this earth-life shall be ending,
Like th' close of a long summer's day,
Stepping from time to eternity,
Just on the brink may I say,

While my hands clasp flowers immortal,
Truth's flowers, which cannot decay,
And my heart basks in faith's golden glory,
Life, death, ye are passing away.¹

1 *Discoveries: Two Centuries of Poems by Mormon Women*, comp. and ed. by Susan Elizabeth Howe and Sheree Maxwell Bench (Provo, Utah: Association for Mormon Letters; Joseph Fielding Smith Institute at BYU, 2004), 18. *With additional poems and updated biographical sketches of the poets, a new second edition, published by BYU Studies, is expected to debut March 2009.*

An Apology

*Did I stay too long in the school room
After the lessons were through,
Leaving my mother and sisters
With all the work to do?
And has it vexed you, mother,
My mother, so patient and true?*

*Forgive me, my mother and sisters,
Smile kindly and gently speak;
I'll try to do better tomorrow
And all the rest of the week,
If my wayward mind and feelings
Do not play me another freak.*

*The children were hard to manage,
Heedless and dull today;
It seemed they could think of nothing
Except their love for play,
Out doors the birds and flowers
And sunshine were all so gay.*

*And after the lessons were ended
They sought of youth's charms the chief,
While to rest in the quiet school room
Was to me a blessed relief,
And the time slipped by unnoticed,
The moments appeared so brief.*

*And I have been writing something
Which will likely enough be read
By our children's children
After we all are dead;
And must I think I should have been
Washing dishes instead?*

—Discoveries, p. 22.



Poetry from Lula's book *Branches That Run over the Wall* (Salt Lake City: Magazine Printing Company, 1904).

The Children —pp. 181–82

IF THE earth would be dreary without them,
The world all a desolate waste,
What wonder bright angels about them,
Oft call them to Father in haste?
O mothers! your treasures most holy,
Which seem not a virtue to lack,
Almost like "The Lamb," meek and lowly—
What wonder God wishes them back?

What wonder He chooses the purest,
The happiest, dearest, most blest?
In His home all things must be surest,
And He wants the truest and best.
He plans for us immortal pleasures;
As emblems our babies are given;
He kindly secures us our treasures,
He knows we shall want them in Heaven.

And wanting them, how we might murmur,
Grieving ever as here for a day;
It is well He is wiser and firmer,
Whose mandates we can but obey.
It is well He can bear with our weakness,
And courage and comfort restore;
And teach us through patience and meekness,
To find our loved darlings once more,

Think, mothers, when with them we're parted,
For a few hours time here on earth,
How at meeting they've made us glad hearted,
With their welcoming kisses and mirth;
And oh think! in the blest resurrection,
What joy to embrace them again!
How could such a scene be perfection,
Were the actors all women and men?

O the children! our light and our blessings;
Without them the world would be naught;
Through nature's rich chambers and dressings
Would sweetness all vainly be sought;
Our hopes and delights were all riven,
We should know only doubt and despair;
Who would ask for a portion in Heaven,
If children were not to be there?

—November, 1876.

The Switch —p. 149

NAUGHTY little three-year-old, for wading in
the ditch,
Was being scolded very hard, and threatened
with a switch;
When he said with funny smile, and expression
most peculiar,
"O mamma—mamma—please—sing—Glory
Hallelujah!"

Instead of the "Glory" tune, a smothered laugh
was pitched,
But the naughty three-year-old—well! *He* didn't
get switched.
He had gently "switched" his mamma off the
troubled, hard, old track,
And from the other dreadful "switch" thus saved
his little back.

To the Holy Spirit —p. 102

O, TO understand Thee ever,
Faithful, true and gentle Guide!
All Thy lines to strictly follow,
That Thou need'st not grieve or chide.
To be ready for each lesson,
Which Thy wisdom may impart;
To detect Thy faintest warning;
O, to know Thee, as Thou art!

Thou, a portion of the God-head,
Which from Heaven doth descend,
To abide on earth with mortals,
Man's unerring, constant Friend.
Lead me ever, kindly, safely,
T'ward our peaceful home above;
Teach me of the Father's mercy,
And the Son's redeeming love.

Let me—though the world's commotion
Should like surging torrents roll—
Hear Thy still, small voice, like music,
Sounding ever in my soul;
Catch each chord, distinct, unbroken,
Throughout all the strife and din;
Till I reach the gate celestial,
And am bidden "Enter in." ▀

Emmeline B. Wells

by Carol Cornwall Madsen, AUTHOR OF EMMELINE B. WELLS BIOGRAPHY: *An Advocate for Women*

Emmeline Blanche Woodward Harris Whitney Wells was a well-known women's advocate and a general president of the Relief Society. In 1928, in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of her birth, the women of Utah presented to the Utah State Capitol a marble bust of Wells, which bore the inscription "A Fine Soul Who Served Us." This was a fitting tribute to this outstanding Latter-day Saint woman, who declared early in her adult life, "I desire to do all in my power to help elevate the condition of my own people especially women" (Diary), and who spent 40 years devoted to that goal.

Born February 29, 1828, in Petersham, Massachusetts, Emmeline Woodward joined the Church in 1842. She married James Harris in 1843 and traveled to Nauvoo the next year, where she lost her newborn son, was deserted by her husband, and married Newel K. Whitney. Two daughters were born of this union. After Whitney's death in 1850, Emmeline married Daniel H. Wells, with whom she had three more daughters, two of whom died as young women.

Through her 37-year editorship of the *Woman's Exponent*, an independent Latter-day Saint woman's paper, she defended the Church against its detractors and advocated women's suffrage and the equality of women and men. In 1879 she represented the women of Utah at the annual Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington, D.C., the first of many conventions she attended. She was a charter member of the National and International Councils of Women and personal friend of Susan B. Anthony and other national women's leaders. She also headed the Utah Woman Suffrage Association in its successful drive to put women's suffrage in the Utah State Constitution.

At age 82, after serving as general secretary for 20 years, she was called as general Relief Society president. During her tenure, the Relief Society adopted a uniform pattern of lessons, a social service program, and an official publication, the *Relief Society Magazine*. She

met four U.S. presidents, including Woodrow Wilson, who visited her in her Salt Lake home to express gratitude for the sale of Relief Society wheat to the government during World War I. . . .

Emmeline Wells died April 25, 1921, in Salt Lake City, three weeks after her release from the Relief Society presidency.

Arnold K. Garr, Donald Q. Cannon, and Richard O. Cowan, Encyclopedia of Latter-day Saint History (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 2000), 1325–26.

Poetry from Emmeline Well's *Musings and Memories*, 2nd ed. (Salt Lake City: Deseret News, 1915):

At Evening —p. 119

How softly falls the evening shadows pale,
Golden and purple sunsets blend and fade;
Night robes earth quietly with mantling veil,
And peace and rest the gentle hour pervade.
Great nature soothing with her potent power,
Breathes to the world-worn heart her sympathy,
And 'mid the tranquil of such spell-bound hour
The memories of the past steal tenderly.
Athwart the scene, the moon with golden trail,
As erst with pitying glance and mellowed light,
Sweeps through the empty space with steady sail,
And floods with beauty the enchanted night.
It is the hour for sweet and tender thought,
And whisperings of the life that is to be;
And Faith and Trust with holy impulse fraught,
Speak to the soul in nature's poetry
Unconscious of ourselves we yield to sleep,
And bright-robed beings round our couches stray.
In sacred stillness, holy vigils keep,
And night assumes the sceptre of her sway.



Second Edition

Preface: "The beautiful task of collecting my dear mother's poems for a second edition has given me great happiness. To those friends who shall be its readers may the little volume prove a precious souvenir of her sweet and gracious life.

For nearly eighteen years subsequent to the issue of the first edition, my mother published *The Woman's Exponent*. In its columns appeared, from time to time, most of the later poems presented in this book.

The last poem, "An Ode," was written after she had attained the great age of eighty-four years, on which occasion she received the degree—Doctor of Literature—(Lit. D.) from the Brigham Young University, Provo.

May the tender yet lofty meaning which is clothed in the graceful verses of *Musings and Memories* reach the hearts of those who read."

—Annie Wells Cannon

Excerpts from *An Ode* —pp. 331–36

Illumining the pathway of the past,
Emblazoned on the scroll of earthly fame,
Are names which ever gleam to hopeful youth;

'Mong which those only shall deserve to last
Whose love of God burned as with constant flame;
Their fruitage—justice, liberty and truth.

Of such the brave, heroic pioneers
Who led our fathers through the wilderness;
Theirs that unbounded faith that lifts and cheers
And opens up the way to happiness.

Today their favored sons and daughters reap
The golden harvest of their earnest toil,
Bearing aloft the standard of their zeal,
Voicing with gratitude the pride they feel,
That their forefathers planted in such fertile soil.

In paean triumphant let our voices rise
With gladness and with joy our hearts be thrilled,
That these foundations firm and strong
Laid by that great and noble throng
Foreseen by them in vision beautiful
Today behold fulfilled!

Dedication of Maeser Memorial, May 30, 1912

The Savior's Birth —p. 285

SING the sweet and touching story,
Of the Babe in Bethle'm born;
How the morning star with glory
Lighted that auspicious morn.
What more beautiful and tender
Than the blessed Savior's birth?
Cradled in a lowly manger,
Was the King of all the earth.

Birds had nests, the foxes roaming,
Had their refuge free from care;
Jesus had no safe abiding—
Homeless pilgrim everywhere.

Come to do His Father's bidding,
Fresh from brilliant courts on high,
Holy mission thus fulfilling—
Here to suffer and to die.

Now for us He's interceding
In bright mansions up above;
"Father, guide them," thus He's pleading,
"Save them through redeeming love."

Shadow-Land

Oh, what is this longing, this yearning to know?

This germ of an impulse we cannot restrain?

And why should it haunt me and follow me so,

If be quest it awakens is fruitless and vain?

Nay, I feel that beyond the scope of my dreaming,

The star of intelligene onward is streaming.

I call in the night-tune for strength from on high,

To open the flood-gates of knowledge for me.

I wait, and I listen, but only the sign

Of the murmuring winds, in quaint melody,

Chants the song of my heart, tho' its music is clear,

We've lived hertofore in some loftier sphere. ▣

—*Emmeline B. Wells, Discoveries, p. 60*



by David
McAllister

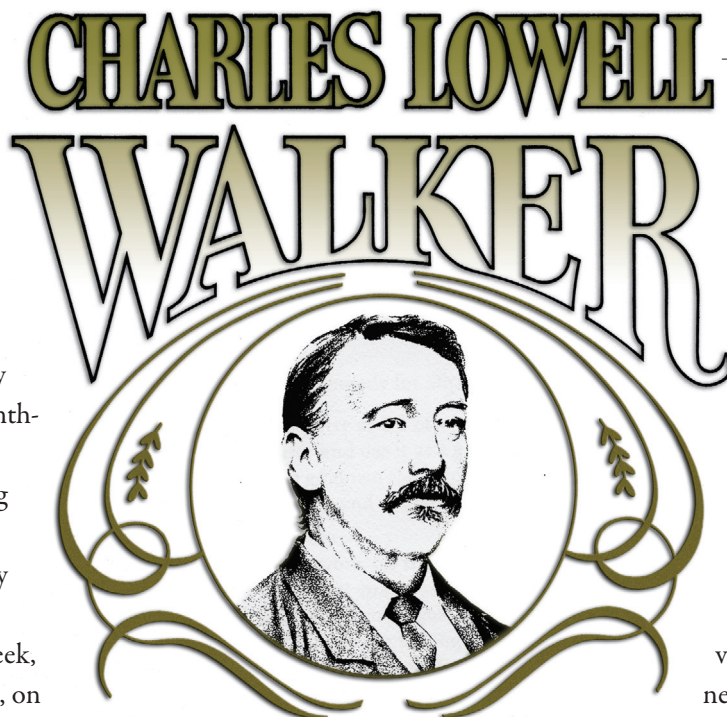
Charles Lowell Walker was one of the foremost of the Mormon pioneer diary keepers in the nineteenth-century Mormon church, as well as being the “Poet Laureate” of the Cotton Country Mission.

He was born in Leek, Staffordshire, England, on November 17, 1832, the son of William Gibson and Mary Godwin Walker. His father’s family was converted to Mormonism in Manchester, after which Charles’s oldest sister Ann Agatha came to America, where she became a plural wife of Parley P. Pratt. The remainder of Charles’s family immigrated to St. Louis in 1850, where his mother died of typhus fever. Charles had preceded them to St. Louis in 1849 with a friend.

Charles remained in the Illinois and Missouri area working, trying to find a means to travel to Utah. In April 1855 he engaged to drive a horse team for P. Burgess, who was bringing a threshing machine and other merchandise to Utah. Charles arrived in the valley September 3, 1855; being a large and well-built man, he went to work at blacksmithing.

From this time on, for the rest of his life Charles kept an ongoing journal, in which he expressed his thoughts and feelings as well as keeping abreast of current happenings. He was not professionally trained in writing, being self-educated from reading in scripture and literature at home. However, his journal and other writings reflect Mormon issues as well as political and other areas of learning in a readable style like few other writings of pioneer culture.

On September 28, 1861, Charles married Abigail Middlemiss, whose family had come from Pope’s Harbor, Nova Scotia. In 1862, at the October



conference, Charles and 200 other missionaries were called to go to the “cotton country” mission in southern Utah. He left with his wife on November 13 and arrived December 9, 1862. His first impression was that it was a “barren looking place . . . very windy, dusty, blowing nearly all the time.” In what

was to become St. George, Charles built up his holdings during the first six months he was there, “building me a home, fencing and grubbing my city lot, planting, irrigating and working in the blacksmith shop for B. F. Pendleton” and later with Melancthon Burgess. . . .

As St. George grew, Charles became integrated into its society. He joined a literary club, which printed a small newspaper, *The Veprecula*; he attended lectures on various historical, geographical, business, and scientific subjects; and discussed current concerns with others in the community in meetings. In the harsh circumstances of the desert country where nature was often unsympathetic, Charles continually calmed and counseled the pioneers with his prose, often in the form of songs, as well as using his talents for appropriate occasions such as funerals, marriages, and birthdays.

Charles was also a part of the events of the period. On November 5, 1871, the people voted to build a temple (the first one in Utah) in St. George, and Charles was a conscientious worker [on the temple]. He wrote also on May 23, 1872, that the “mason work on the meeting house was completed. . . . I have worked on this building for over five years, from putting in the foundation to the capstone on the tower. Many weary toilsome days have I labored in the St. George tabernacle, lifting the heavy rocks in the wind, dust, cold and scorching heat of this climate, yet I have felt happy and contented.”

Charles L. Walker died January 11, 1904. His life was an example of that type of men who sacrificed their personal pursuits to a large measure to contribute their talents and energy for their church and beliefs.

See *A. Karl and Katharine Larson, eds., Diary of Charles Lowell Walker, 2 vols. (Logan, Utah: Utah State University Press, 1980).*

Poetry from vol. 2, *Diary of Charles Lowell Walker:*

IN UTAH

—pp. 647–48

The Sun is still shining,
The Miners are Mining,
And the Liberals are whining,
In Utah.

The Bees are yet humming,
The Summer is coming,
And Jurors are bumming
In Utah.

The Judges are Packers
Of Juries, their backers;
The Attorneys tell whackers
In Utah.

The “taters” are growing.
The waters are flowing.
There’s a bad legal showing,
In Utah.

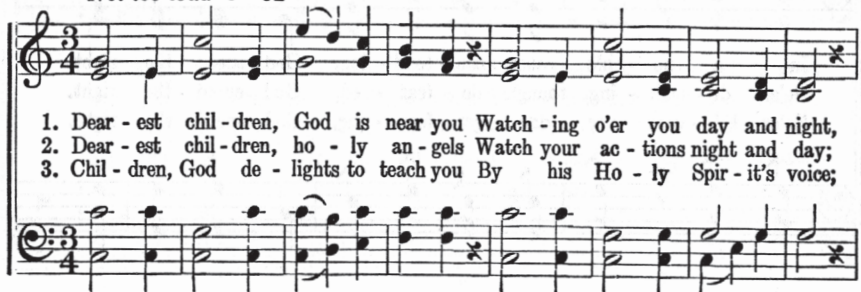
The Stars still keep shining
For trails is declining
In Utah.

170 Dearest Children, God is Near You

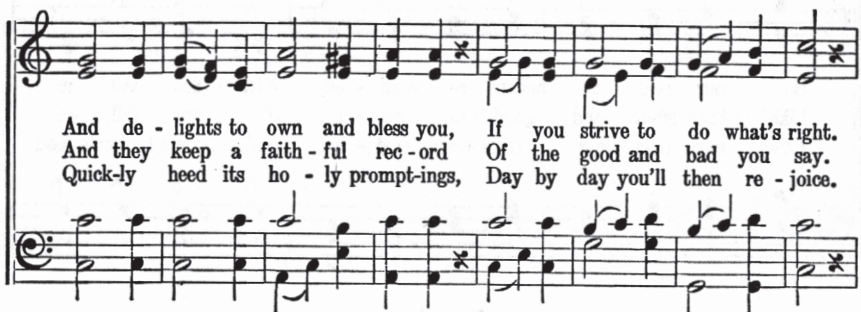
C. L. Walker

J. M. Macfarlane

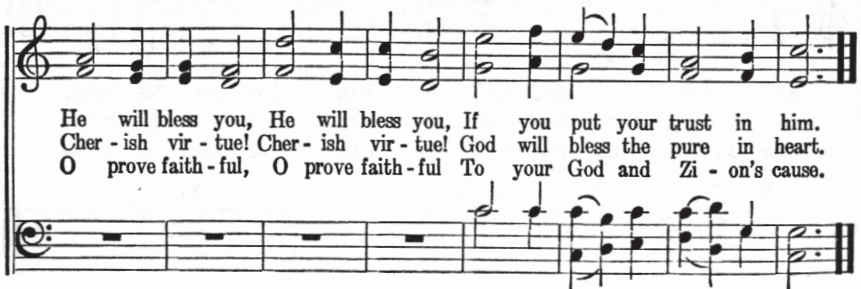
Not too loud ♩=92



1. Dear - est chil - dren, God is near you Watch - ing o'er you day and night,
2. Dear - est chil - dren, ho - ly an - gels Watch your ac - tions night and day;
3. Chil - dren, God de - lights to teach you By his Ho - ly Spir - it's voice;



And de - lights to own and bless you, If you strive to do what's right.
And they keep a faith - ful rec - ord Of the good and bad you say.
Quick - ly heed its ho - ly prompt - ings, Day by day you'll then re - joice.



He will bless you, He will bless you, If you put your trust in him.
Cher - ish vir - tue! Cher - ish vir - tue! God will bless the pure in heart.
O prove faith - ful, O prove faith - ful To your God and Zi - on's cause.

Early version of hymn “Dearest Child, God Is Near You,” text by Charles L. Walker, music by John Menzies MacFarlane, who also settled in St. George (See *Pioneer magazine*, 54, #4 [2007]: 6.)

There’s an under-ground Railroad
Evading the Bailroad
Which ne’er was a Jailroad,
In Utah.

The girls Still keep singing,
While washing and ironing,
There’s none of them cringing,
In Utah.

The cows are yet eating,
The Sheep are still bleating,
While the Lawyers are cheating,
In Utah.

While the Marshalls are sluming,
There’s no thought of succumbing,
For the Babies keep coming
In Utah.

THE STAR OF UTAH

Song celebrating statehood, tune to "Marching to Georgia"
—pp. 807–8

Yes Utah's Star is rising and blazing in the West,
'Tis the loveliest star adorning, our Nations' noble Crest,
Its glory and its splendour will soon outshine the rest,
Of all the Stars in the Union.

(Chorus)

Hurrah, hurrah! this Day we'll celebrate,
Hurrah, hurrah! for Utah is a State.
Its glorious star is shining, And we will illuminate
The grand old Flag of the Union.

We've waited long to see it emerging from the West,
A beacon bright eclipsing the glory of the rest;
Lit by the fire of Freedom, and pointing to the nest
And Home of America's Eagle. —Hurrah &c.

We thank you Brother Grover, and warmly grasp your hand,
For your welcome Proclamation to us in Dixie Land;
We're sure you'll ne'r regret it, for taking such a stand.
Thanks, many thanks Bro Cleveland. —Hurrah &c.

May Utah's Star of Freedom shine forth and never fail,
To luminate each snow-clad peak, and every mountain vale;
Its glorious light resplendent o'er earth and sea prevail,
Hail, hail, hail, Star of Utah. —Hurrah &c.

ONCE I LIVED IN COTTONWOOD *A Folk Song*

Oh, once I lived in Cottonwood and owned a little farm,
But I was called to Dixie, which did me much alarm;
To raise the cane and cotton, I right away must go;
But the reason why they called on me, I'm sure I do
not know.

I yoked old Jim and Bolly up all for to make a start,
To leave my house and garden, it almost broke my heart.
We moved along quite slowly and often looked behind,
For the sand and rocks of Dixie kept running through
my mind.

At length we reached the Black Ridge where I broke
my wagon down,
I could not find a carpenter so far from any town,
So with a clumsy cedar pole I fixed an awkward slide;
My wagon pulled so heavy then that Betsy could not ride.
While Betsy was a'walking, I told her to take care,
When all upon a sudden she struck a pricklypear.
Then she began to blubber out as loud as she could bawl,
"If I was back in Cottonwood, I would not come at all!"
When we reached the Sandy, we could not move at all,
For poor old Jim and Bolly began to puff and loll.
I whipped and swore a little but could not make the route,
For myself, the team, and Betsy, were all of us give out.
Next we got to Washington, where we stayed a little
while

To see if April showers would make the verdure smile.
But, oh, I was mistaken and so I went away,

For the red hills of November looked just the same in
May.

I feel so weak and hungry now, there's nothing here to
cheer

Except prophetic sermons which we very often hear.
They will hand them out by dozens and prove them
by the book—

I'd rather have some roasting ears to stay at home and cook.
I feel so weak and hungry now, I think I'm nearly dead;
'Tis seven weeks next Sunday since I have tasted bread.
Of carrot tops and lucerne greens we have enough to eat—
But I'd like to change that diet off for buck-wheat cakes
and meat.

I brought this old coat with me about two years ago,
And how I'll get another one, I'm sure I do not know.
May providence protect me against the cold and wet;
I think myself and Betsy, these times will not forget.
My shirt is dyed with wild dockroot, with greasewood
for a set;

I fear the colors all will fade when once it does get wet.
They said we would raise madder, and indigo so blue,
But that turned out a humbug, the story was not true.
The hot winds whirl around me and take away my breath;
I've had the chills and fever till I'm nearly shook to death.
"All earthly tribulations are but a moment here;
And, oh, if I prove faithful, a righteous crown I'll wear."
My wagons's sold for sorghum seed to make a little bread;
And poor old Jim and Bolly long ago are dead.
There's only me and Betsy left to hoe the cotton-tree;
May Heaven help the Dixie-ite wherever he may be! ▀

David H. Smith

by *F. Mark McHiernan*,
FORMER PROJECT DIRECTOR FOR HISTORIC
SITE DEVELOPMENT, RLDS CHURCH

A SON OF THE PROPHET

On November 17, 1844, nearly five months after the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Emma Smith bore a son whom she named David Hyrum. Though perhaps best-known in later life as a singer and poet ["The Sweet Singer of Israel"], David Smith also did a number of paintings. . . .

Of the few Mormons who remained in Nauvoo after the Mormon Exodus from Nauvoo in 1846, perhaps the most notable were Emma Smith and her children. But the Nauvoo in which David grew up during the 1850s and 1860s was much different from that Kingdom on the Mississippi which his father had once dominated. He painted an incomplete Nauvoo—the ruins of the temple, the walls of the Nauvoo House, and the bend in the river showing the abandoned homes of the old town. He was interested in what had been his father's city; thus, his paintings are of Mormon Nauvoo rather than of the gentile community on the hill. . . .

David received the basic education common to the children of Nauvoo, and there is no evidence to suggest that he ever received any special training in either art or poetry. He did, however, show an early interest in artistic expression. . . . While visiting Nauvoo in 1853 the artist Frederick Piercy commented that David was "of a mild studious disposition, and is passionately fond of drawing, seeming to be never so happy as when he has a pencil and paper in his hand."¹ David was known for his sensitive sketches of flowers and shells. He had a rich solo voice. . . . David was charismatic and compulsive. Early he showed signs of depression punctuated by brilliant flashes of creative productivity. . . .

The importance of being the seed of the Prophet was central to David's thinking. . . .

[The following] hymn is about the father he never knew:

*There's an unknown grave in a green lowly spot,
The form that it covers will ne'er be forgot.
Where haven trees spread and the wild locusts wave
Their fragrant white blooms over the unknown grave
Over the unknown grave.
And near by its side does the wild rabbit tread,
While over its bosom the wild thistles spread.
As if in their kindness to guard and to save
From man's foot-step intruding the unknown grave,
Guarding the unknown grave.
The heavens may weep and the thunders moan low,
Or the bright sun-shine and the soft breezes blow,
Unheeding the heart, one responsive and brave,
Of the one who sleeps there in the unknown grave,
Low in an unknown grave.
The prophet whose life was destroyed by his foes
Sleeps now where no hand may disturb his repose,
Till trumpets of God drown the notes of the wave
And we see him arise from his unknown grave,
God bless that unknown grave.
The love all embracing that never can end,
In death, as in life, knew him well as a friend,
The power of Jesus the mighty to save
Will despoil of its treasure the unknown grave,
No more an unknown grave.² . . .*

David . . . was fascinated by the ruins of the Nauvoo House, the unfinished hotel which . . . was intended to house the kings and princes of the world when they came to Nauvoo to learn of the gospel. . . . [In 1869] the Smith family remodeled it, and then it served as Emma's home until she died a decade later. . . . "Bend of the River" [pictured right] . . . illustrates the horseshoe bend in the Mississippi off the south end of Main Street. In the lower right-hand corner is a picnic scene which includes Emma, Rosalinde Newberry, and the artist in his round-brimmed hat with another young girl.

[David married eighteen-year-old Clara Charlotte Hartshorn at Sandwich, Illinois, May 10, 1870. A son, Elbert Aorivl, was born at the Mansion House in March the following year.]



David was afflicted with a “Malady” which affected both his mind and body. His poetry reflects his illness and his inability to cope with a disease he could not understand. . . . He was hospitalized in San Francisco in 1870. . . . After it was evident that the family could not

longer care for him, David was committed to the Illinois Hospital for the Insane on January 10, 1877.

He remained there until his death on August 29, 1904.

He was buried in the Rose Hill Cemetery adjoining Joseph Smith III’s Liberty Hall in Lamoni, Iowa.

I AM NOT AS I WAS

I am not as I was, [he] said, and bowed,
The frosts have been upon me; and the wind
Of this world’s winter,—stormy, fierce and loud—
Has touched my forehead roughly; and unkind
The will of fate has been. I once was proud,
With a sweet pride, and pleasure filled my mind.
Now I am broken; and the tresses, then
So free and flowing, wander now no more
In their old fashion, but seem dead; and when
I look into my mirror for the eyes of yore
Those of a stranger answer me. Ne’er again
Can I recall the light that shone before.
The fair brief morning of my life is passed;
Its wings of rainbow brightness were too swift;—
A change has crept over my soul at last;—
The clouds hang low that over my landscape drift;
The beauty and glory round me cast



By Youth's roseate dreams, begin to lift.
 I strive to win again the pleasant thought;
 The music only speaks in mournful tone;
 The very flowers wear a shade, and nought
 Can bring the halo that is gone;
 And every company my soul hath sought,
 Though crowds surround me, finds me still alone.
 I turn unto my tasks with weary hands,
 Grieving with sadness, knowing not the cause;
 Before my face a desert path expands,
 I will not falter in the toil, nor pause;
 Only, my spirit somehow understands
 The mournful truth—I am not what I was.³

THE WOODLAND PATH

Down the Woodland path, at break of day, I love to roam,
 To brush the dew drops from the fresh, green grass;
 To hear the wild bird singing in his cool, and shady home,
 And watch the painted moths and butterflies go past.
 The minnows dart along the stream,
 And in the golden sunlight gleam;
 The distant hills are hazy like a dream;
 And all is fair, adown the woodland path.
 In every nook some sight of beauty wakes a tender thought;
 Some flower blooming by some old gray stone;
 Or tiny bird's nest with abundant skill and labor wrought;
 Or faithful shadow over shining water thrown.
 The thickets darkly dense and still,
 Where scarce the slender vine leave thrill,—
 Unbend, O, brow! and sad heart, take thy fill
 Of rest, beside the lonely woodland path.
 O, bend above me, honeysuckle, blooming in the good;
 And breathe upon my face thou low, sad wind
 Whose gentle cadences will do my weary spirit good,
 While care, and toil, a moment enter not my mind.
 The forest brings to me a balm;
 Its moving gives my soul a calm;
 As if the Spirit of the great I Am,
 Came to me, while I roam the woodland path.⁴ ▀

Excerpts from F. Mark McKiernan, "David H. Smith: A Son of the Prophet," BYU Studies 18, no. 2 (1978): 1–11.

1 Frederick Piercy, "A Visit to Nauvoo in 1853," *Journal of History* 3 (1910): 246.

2 "The Unknown Grave," framed and hanging typescript, Homestead, Nauvoo, Ill.

3 David H. Smith, *Hesperis, A Book of Poems* (Plano, Ill.: Herald Steam Book and Job Office, 1875), 3, 4.

4 *Ibid.*, 22.

NIECE OF THE PROPHET & FIRST POET LAUREATE OF CALIFORNIA:

Ina Coolbrith

In 1915, the accomplished Ina Coolbrith was named the first poet laureate of California by the Regents of the University of California. Her legacy is honored by the Ina Coolbrith Park at Taylor and Vallejo in San Francisco, and a 7,900 foot peak near Beckwourth Pass in the Sierra Nevadas near State Route 70 is named after her—Mount Ina Coolbrith.

Unbeknownst to many in the Mormon California community, Ina Coolbrith's mother was Agnes Moulton Coolbrith and her father was Don Carlos Smith, a brother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Don Carlos died August 7, 1841, when Ina (born March 10) was only 5 months old. Agnes was married to Joseph Smith Jr. in 1842. Disillusioned with the polygamous marriage and the Latter-day Saint community, Agnes left with her daughter Josephine Smith and moved to Saint Louis, where she married a newspaperman named William Pickett. Pickett, Agnes, and young Josephine travelled overland to California in 1850. Coolbrith's biographer, Josephine DeWitt Rhodehamel, gives this account of the the family's crossing: Jim Beckwourth, noted Black mountaineer "rode slowly ahead of the column of seventeen worn and creaking schooners. When near the pass he asked Mrs. Pickett if her younger daughter would like to ride with him. She would then be the first white child to do so." Josephine, at the age of 10, is said to have been the first white child to enter California, riding on the saddle of this prominent trapper and Indian fighter.

To avoid identification with her former family or with Mormonism, Agnes reverted to using her maiden name, Coolbrith.

Josephine published her first poems while living in Los Angeles. She married Robert Carsley in 1858, but the marriage ended in 1861 after her infant son died. In 1862 she moved to the Bay Area and shortened her first name from Josephine (or Josephina) to Ina, thus becoming Ina Donna Coolbrith.

Coolbrith contributed articles to the influential magazine the *Overland Monthly* and published her poetry widely. Her literary work led her to friendships with Alfred Lord Tennyson, John Greenleaf Whittier, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, and Ansel Adams.

In 1873 Coolbrith became the librarian at the Oakland Free Library, and there, in 1895, she befriended and mentored the 12-year-old Jack London. Jack London called her his “literary mother.” She also mentored the poet George Sterling. Late in life, she campaigned for a proper burial in Westminster Abbey for the remains of her favorite poet, Lord Byron.

Excerpts from en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ina_Coolbrith

When the Grass Shall Cover Me —poem #965

WHEN the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, “How kind she was,”
You will say, “How true she was,”
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth’s warm bosom,—
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevermore, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.



When the
grass shall
cover me!

Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan “Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was”—
When the grass grows over me!

The Mariposa [Sego] Lily —poem #966

INSECT or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing,
Poised upon slender tip, and quivering
To flight! a flower of the fields of air;
A jewelled moth; a butterfly, with rare
And tender tints upon his downy wing,
A moment resting in our happy sight;
A flower held captive by a thread so slight
Its petal-wings of brodered gossamer
Are, light as the wind, with every wind astir,—
Wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite.
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,
What fairer thing looks up to heaven’s blue
And drinks the noontide sun, the dawning’s dew?
Thou winged bloom! thou blossom-butterfly! ▀

See “Fruitionless,” poem #967, by Ina Coolbrith, p. 5.

Poems from Edmund Clarence Stedman, ed., An American Anthology, 1787–1900 (New York: Houghton Mufflin, 1900).

The Sons of Utah Pioneers wishes to honor a remarkable “modern pioneer” —Frank Madsen—for his generosity and support as the sponsor of this issue of *Pioneer* magazine.

Frank Madsen, Jr., was born January 6, 1931, in Salt Lake City to Frank A. Madsen, a prominent businessman and bishop; and Louise W. Madsen, a counselor in the General Relief Society Presidency and General Board

member for 28 years. He married Constance Clayton, an artist of note, in the Salt Lake Temple, February 3, 1954, and they have four daughters and one son.

Frank's education includes a B.S. from the University of Utah in 1954; MBA, University of Utah in 1956; JD, University of Utah in 1956.

Owner of Madsen Furniture Company and Madsen Realty Company, Frank is an attorney—private practice; served in the United States Senate, eight years as Administrative Assistant to Senator Orrin G. Hatch in Washington D.C.; four years as General Counsel of the Labor and Human Resources Committee of the U.S. Senate; and three years as an Assistant Staff Judge Advocate in the U.S. Air Force (Highest rank: Captain).

Years of service include bishop of three different wards, stake presidency counselor, counselor to two different presidents of the Washington D.C. Temple (six years); president of the Massachusetts Boston Mission; Regional Representative of the Twelve for the Rochester New York and Cleveland Ohio Regions; member of the Public Affairs Advisory Committee for the Church; Board of Directors for Utah Chamber Artists; Deseret Foundation; University of Utah Law School Alumni Board; president, Madsen Family Foundation for Charitable Giving; Mills Chapter board member and president; and former National Board member.

While serving in Washington, Frank was approached by a Hungarian official, who wanted the LDS church to be officially recognized in his country—more for economic than religious reasons. Two years before the Berlin Wall came down, Frank helped arrange for Elder Russell M.

Nelson to go to Hungary, which resulted in the Church's obtaining the legal status they had sought for several years. Soon, other Communistic countries—Poland, Romania, and Russia—followed Hungary's lead, resulting in missionary work behind the Iron Curtain.

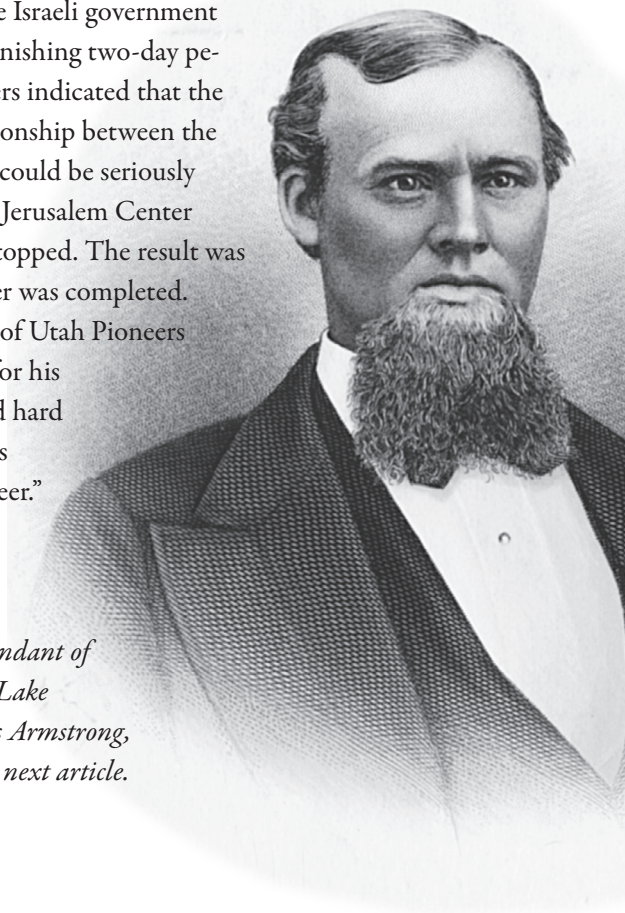
During Frank's years in Washington D.C., the Church had negotiated with the Israeli government to build the BYU Jerusalem Center. With intense opposition to the Center by the ultra conservatives in the Knesset (Israeli Parliament), there was the danger that construction on the Center would be stopped. President James E. Faust asked Frank to help dilute the opposition. Frank solicited letters supporting the Center from 13 influential U.S. Senators—all within two days!

The letters were delivered, and construction continued. Later, when opposition flared up again, Frank and his staff obtained 155 letters from U.S. Representatives, including the heads of all major House committees and the Speaker of the House—written, collected, and sent to the Israeli government within an astonishing two-day period. The letters indicated that the financial relationship between the two countries could be seriously strained if the Jerusalem Center project were stopped. The result was that the Center was completed.

The Sons of Utah Pioneers salutes Frank for his dedication and hard work as today's “modern pioneer.”



Frank is a descendant of the 1886 Salt Lake Mayor, Francis Armstrong, featured in the next article.



FRANCIS ARMSTRONG

Fearless Pioneer Leader

As Salt Lake City's newly reelected mayor, Frank Armstrong presided at his first City Council meeting and was about to take his oath of office when suddenly the chamber doors flew open and "the Chief of Police, panting and mopping his brow, entered the room and approached Mayor Armstrong's chair . . . 'Claim jumpers have completely taken over and fenced Exposition Hill!'" (Exposition Hill was where the Utah State Capitol now stands). Squatters sometimes occupied public lands in the hope of gaining title, dividing the property into lots and making a handsome profit.

The Mayor retorted, "We will not permit city property to be stolen. . . . Just stay safely in bed. I shall see to it that these hoodlums are removed."¹

At 8:00 the next morning, Frank led 40 deputies up the hill, tore down the fences, burned the squatter's tents, collected their guns, and ordered them out of the city limits. Then he repeated the ground-clearing at what is now Liberty Park, that similarly had been taken over by squatters.

During Frank's tenure as mayor (1886–1890), persecution of the LDS church was intense. Because of the Edmunds-Tucker Act, passed in response to polygamy, Church leaders were jailed or went into hiding and Church properties were ordered sold. The Church was in dire financial straits. In the midst of all this turmoil, Frank took the following steps:

—He offered the two top floors of his mansion (still standing at 7th East and 1st South) to Church leaders and their families, including office space, living quarters with three meals being served each day. Frank told them, "Your Mayor will sit on the bottom step of the stairwell. No hostile persons will climb that staircase unless they step over my dead body." Elders Wilford Woodruff, Joseph F. Smith, and George Q. Cannon were sheltered there for several weeks.

—He made no-interest loans of \$10,000 each to John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff, with no due date!

—As an agent for the Church in selling off Church

properties, Frank and a wealthy friend, P. W. Madsen (another ancestor of Frank Madsen) bought up as many properties and businesses as possible, so as to sell them back to the Church when the crisis passed.

INSPIRED MAN OF INTEGRITY: Who was this wealthy public servant, with so much influence for Mormons and anti-Mormons alike? Born in England, Frank Armstrong immigrated as a young boy to Canada. At 18, he left home with adventuresome friends bound for Australia, but en-route arrived in Richmond, Missouri, where he "chanced" to meet Mormons immigrating to Utah and David Whitmer, who had left the Church and was a leader of The Church of Christ, to which half the town belonged.

Curious, he purchased, read and reread a copy of the Book of Mormon, then went to visit David Whitmer. "Please, Mr. Whitmer," Frank said, "tell me. Did you actually see the gold plates and an angel? Did you hear the voice of the Lord?" David walked to the parlor's west window and pulled the curtain aside and said, "Just as sure as yonder sun lights the day, I did see and handle the plates. And just as sure as I live, I saw an angel and heard the voice of God declare them to be ancient records now translated by the gift and power of the Lord. I cannot deny what I have seen and what I have heard. God knows that I saw and heard! I can't deny the truth. Each word is true!"²

Frank felt an undeniable confirmation of the Spirit, immediately quit his job, applied for baptism in the LDS church and requested to join the Duncan Company of Saints traveling West. However, he didn't have the necessary gear and the Company had to leave without him. Traveling to Winter Quarters, Frank came across one of the Duncan wagons with one wheel off and a split wagon box frame. The Armstrongs had been blacksmiths and machinists for several generations. In short order the wagon was fixed and the family asked Frank if he would drive their wagon to the Salt Lake Valley, for which they would share their provisions with him. Divine Providence overcame the obstacles and in under two months Frank was in Zion—with 50c in his pocket.

On advice from Brigham Young, Frank started working at a lumber mill but later approached Mr. Little, the owner of a bigger sawmill about working there. Frank removed the accumulated tree gum from Mr. Little's saw blades, adjusted his belts, oiled the axles, and sharpened the sawteeth, and was immediately hired as the mill mechanical engineer. Within two years he became mill manager. After marrying his sweetheart, 15-year-old Isabel, and saving for another 6 years, Frank bought out Mr. Little's mill, timber lands, and a ranch.

Isabel and Frank worked hard. Isabel prepared six meals a day for mill workers while Frank supervised both shifts—16 hours of work per day! One cold winter day, a customer needed more lumber than was at the mill. Frank hitched two teams, rode alone to East Millcreek Canyon, and was chaining logs together when a log slipped, mashing and pinning his thumb. Knowing his life depended on it, he took his jackknife out of his pocket and severed the thumb. Wrapping his belt around his wrist as a tourniquet, he rode his horse 10 miles where a physician cleaned and sewed up the wound (all without anesthetic). Frank rode the 10 miles back up the canyon, brought the logs back to the mill, where they were sawn to fill the order, and only then did Frank go home!

The lumber mill became the foundation of Frank's empire. The accumulation of additional assets included a flour mill purchased from President Heber C. Kimball; horse-drawn trolleys purchased from the LDS church eventually replaced with electric ones; a substantial interest acquired in the region's leading manufacturer of doors and windows; a cofounding of the Utah Commercial and Savings Bank and the Western Loan and Building Company with his friend P. W. Madsen; a four-story mansion built with opulent bedrooms and piped-in running water from City Creek Canyon; and four ranches acquired, one where Kennecott Copper Mine now stands.

Frank sought opportunities to share the abundance he had accumulated. He built into his mansion a meat storage room (ice room), with an outside door that was never locked. In a testimony meeting, Frank invited ward members to enter the ice room and cut whatever chops, roasts, bacon, or ham they wanted without permission or thanks.

One of Frank's sons complained that one neighbor was in the ice room every day. Calling the family together Frank said, "One of the reasons that the Lord has been kind to us is that we've tried to share His blessings. If we start resenting our less fortunate friends, the day will

come when our blessings will be withdrawn. Now I don't want any of you to look through the window to see who enters our 'ice room.' No one is to be embarrassed by anyone in this family!"³

Any time there was a banquet or party at the Armstrong mansion (which happened frequently), Frank had enough additional food prepared so that members of the 11th Ward could meet simultaneously in the cultural hall of the chapel and share the banquet!

Frank financed his office boy, Heber Wells, through four years at West Point, who then went on to become a general in World War I and was second in command in America's European forces. Frank also assisted his children to obtain building lots surrounding the family mansion.

Frank had two wives, Isabelle (called Isabel) Siddaway and Sarah Carruth. When the second wife, Sarah, died at 39 years of age, her two surviving children were raised by Isabel (Sarah had five children precede her in death). Isabel bore 11 children to Frank.

Frank was infatuated with Isabel. Each day, coming home from work, he would move swiftly from room to room, asking family members and servants, "Where are all the folks?" The family always retorted, "All the folks isn't here. She'll be back in a few minutes."⁴

On sunny Sunday mornings, the family members assembled in front of the mansion precisely at 9:30 a.m. lined up in order of age, the youngest first after the parents, where they walked in a processional to church. When an Armstrong child had a birthday, he or she was "prince" or "princess" for a day and could go shopping for anything the child wanted and could invite any guests to a banquet at the mansion. As a marriage present, each child received a building lot near the mansion, an interest free loan and a substantial cash gift.

When Frank Armstrong died at age 59, it was said of him "Francis Armstrong built up wealth and with it a still better thing, an unblemished reputation" (*The Herald*). "All felt that one of the most useful citizens of this community had passed away" (*Deseret News*). He often said, "Home is my heaven on earth. Heaven will be home and family . . . or it won't be heaven." ▀

Sources: Edward W. Tullidge, History of Salt Lake City (Salt Lake City: Star Printing Co, 1886), 47–48; Richard W. Madsen, From English Village Smithy to Mayor of the Mormon Capital—The Saga of a Latter-day Saint: A Biographical Sketch of Francis Armstrong, 1839–1899 (Salt Lake City: R. W. Madsen, 1983?).



OVER 350 TREK TO RICHFIELD

The Sevier Valley Chapter of the SUP hosted over 350 people at the 2008 Annual Convention held at the Snow College–Richfield campus. Tours included visits to Fremont State Park, Cove Fort and Fillmore, Utah, with its Provisional State Capitol Building—built under the direction of President Brigham Young, this territorial statehouse is the oldest government building in Utah. It served from 1855 to 1858, at which time the seat of government was returned to

Salt Lake City. The structure was remodeled in 1930 and turned into a museum.

Other tour buses traveled to Fish Lake and Capitol Reef National Monument

Dil Strasser, National President-Elect, 2009



while local members served as tour guides on the buses, providing local stories and scenic highlights. The Executive Council and the National Program Directors helped prepare the new chapter presidents so they can begin their year in January ready to go, while the women attendees were treated to a wonderful meeting on Saturday morning. The final awards luncheon featured a talk by Jefferey O. Johnson of the LDS Church History Department on the Blackhawk War and a musical program of country western music by the Durfee Country Western Family Band.

In a close convention election, 139 voting delegates elected Dil Strasser as the National President-Elect for 2009. Those who came to the Convention were well rewarded for their attendance.

The 2009 Convention will be held in Ogden, Utah, September 17–19, 2009. ▣





Santa Claus

Remember your time honor'd laws,
Kind master of the merry glee:
Prepare your gifts, good Santa Claus,
And hang them on the Christmas tree.
And where no Christmas trees are found,
With liberal hand your gifts distill,
The bags and stockings hanging 'round,
Great Santa Claus, be sure to fill.
Untie your purse—enlarge your heart
O, do not pass one single door:
And in your gen'rous walk impart
Your comforts to the sick and poor.
When eyes are watching for the morn,
In humble hut and cottage too:
Now disappointed and forlorn,
If missed, dear Santa Claus, by you,
Go all the rounds of baby-hood,
And bless and cheer the hearts of all
The "little folks," and please be good
To those who're not so very small.

—Eliza R. Snow

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